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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 18, 1953

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GEMEY

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Caravan to Xanadu

By Edison Marshall

Marco Polo's feud with his father Nicolo, his youthful associations with the reckless, the cunning, the romantic and the adventurous laid the foundation for his daring, ambitious career.

Marshall's presentation of Venice, birthplace of this legendary figure, of his exuberant youth and exotic maturity, will win new laurels for this top-flight writer of historical romance.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 18, 1953.

Vol. 21, No. 25

ONE MORE FOR THE MEMORY

In no way does Time reveal its capacity for embellishing past happiness more than in the memories of holidays.

Remembered holidays are wonderful. It never rained then; the days were long and sunny; the nights were lovely; and the enjoyment of it all was ecstatic.

And the older you grow, the more you cling to the blissful bygone days. Accepted without question in youth, in age they become cherished treasures which help to ease the trials of everyday life.

For thousands of people those happy times are the keys to the years.

Events that history marks down as important have no part in their system of chronology.

"1946? That was the year we went camping" is the way they begin and their nostalgia for that camping holiday outweighs anything else that happened in that year.

So now, this year's holiday is approaching, filled with promise, evoking all those bright memories.

It may not, it cannot live up to the imagined perfections of its predecessors.

But in three, four, or five years' time this vacation will have joined all the others and attained its rightful place as "1953? That was the year . . ."

Well, that's life. Anticipation and memories are so often better than reality. Remember this and you will rise above the disappointments and petty irritations that are bound to occur in the holiday weeks ahead.

Modern Noahs on the job in West African jungle

Book review by AINSLIE BAKER

GERALD DURRELL'S freshness of experience and youthful enthusiasm make "The Overloaded Ark" an appealing story of a six months' trip to the British Cameroons, West Africa, to capture animals for sale to zoos.

After studying zoology Durrell spent a year as a student keeper at the London Zoo, then set out with a companion on his first expedition as a private collector.

The companion was interested in birds; the author in animals.

Sometimes they worked together. If they separated, each collected for the other as well as for himself.

They worked mostly in the great rain forests of the Cameroons, and it is Durrell's young man's approach to the forest—to the animals and the natives—that gives the book its quality.

The beguiling candor of statements like the following is not likely to endear their new colleague to the blood-and-thunder professional writer-hunters:

"The forest is not the hot, foetid, dangerous place some writers would have you believe. Neither is it so thick and tangled as to make it impenetrable. The only place where you get such thick growth is on a deserted native farm."

Durrell shows that the real difficulty of such an expedition lies not in the actual capturing of the animals but in keeping them alive once they are caught.

The relationship between the two white men

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This week:

• The Artists' Ball, Sydney's biggest bohemian dance, and one of the year's sparkling events, was held on November 6. Pictures of artists making merry appear on pages 32 and 33. They were taken by color photographer Robert Cleland, who covered the assignment with staff reporter Dawn James.

• You may have noticed the speed at which color pictures are being reproduced recently. Last issue you saw the Melbourne Cup carnival in color and rotogravure, covered by social editor Joyce Bowden and staff photographer Ernie McQuillan. This week you get the highlights of Sydney's weekend news in color as a result of a special effort from our million-pound rotogravure plant.

• As well as the hundreds of entries arriving daily for our happy marriage contest we are getting letters about the contest which are most human and appealing. One N.S.W. reader wrote that her draft entry was lying on a table when her husband came home, and she came into the room to find him holding it in his hand and looking startled. He told her that he hadn't realised that their marriage, wonderful to him, was not so wonderful to her. Now each appreciates the other better, she says. Progress awards in all sections are announced.

Next week:

• Barbecues, the serving of grilled meat round the open fireplace in which it is cooked, are now a popular form of summer and autumn hospitality, particularly with teenagers and young people. Though barbecues have been imported from America, with barbecue sauce, they have a definite affinity with the mutton-chop picnics Mum and Dad and the grandparents recall with affection.

In a section devoted to outdoor living next week, Eve Gye tells you how to build a barbecue at home, with step-by-step instructions, and Charmian Maynard gives some super recipes for a barbecue party.



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Duchess
who DOESN'T

It's quite likely that you've never seen the beautiful Dowager Duchess of Exwhy—even in an advertisement for a make-up cream. Her absence from the face-ointment ads. arises solely from the fact that Her Grace is far too modern to use any greasy face cream whatsoever.

Never has she informed society that she uses Mercilized Wax. But the truth is happily apparent to the many other lovely women, young as well as not-so, who do exactly the same thing.

Greasy skin foods are fantastically out of date. Mercilized Wax is non-greasy; vanishes as you smooth it on. It nourishes and cleanses. Overnight, after using Mercilized Wax, your skin becomes fresh and clear and glowing with life. Lines are smoothed out, wrinkles kept at bay. Overnight, this astonishing cream works hard to achieve this miracle—the miracle of a flawlessly lovely complexion. Price, 4/6.

M.W. 12.52

**The Woman
and the Wheel**

By
T. B. Morris

Barbara Moore was as light as she was lovely, and her easy ways brought tragedy when she spent a holiday with two men. She herself and one of her lovers disappeared.

Twenty years later the other man died, and his old diary had an entry that roused his son's curiosity. The result was a trip to an old mill, the scene of that long-past holiday, and the solving of a tragedy and a mystery.

Price 13/-

From all Booksellers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

Fortune Hunter

By ISABELLE HOLLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



EMILY MAITLAND finished the last of her packing and sat down wearily on the uncomfortable straight chair by the window.

There was another chair on the other side of the room, large, overstuffed, and musty. But it was shut off from any breeze by the wardrobe on one side and the door on the other, and she was too tired to drag it across the room and too miserable to care about the hard wood against her shoulders and legs.

The slatted blinds were half shut, as she had left them that morning to keep out the heat of the sun, which in Paris in September still fell baking on the streets.

That afternoon, when she had returned to the room from the interview at her uncle's house, she had been aware of nothing except a sense of frantic haste to pack and leave.

It was now seven o'clock. Outside, the trees rustled as the air moved through them. The streets, lit by the dim yellow of lamps, were noisy and cheerful.

The cafe opposite, throwing a bright wash of light out on to the footpath, rattled with conversation and a thriving business. Scraps of conversation rose to her balcony above the steady clatter of feet and voices.

How expressive they are, Emily thought wearily, with their quick contrasts of pitch, but half the pleasure was gone when you couldn't watch the gesticulations.

She thought of the clothes tossed into her suitcases, of the bath she had persuaded the fat concierge to let her have in the middle of the afternoon. She turned her mind to anything idle and inconsequential that would keep at bay the memory of that morning.

But the picture kept recurring: the long, high-ceilinged room; her uncle fingering his gold watch chain as he talked with painful,

humiliating tact; the 18th-century clock that ticked through the silences before Andre-Paul arrived.

Undoubtedly, Emily had thought, it had ticked with the same dispassionate regularity when the Bastille fell, when a queen of France swayed and clutched the wooden cart that carried her to the guillotine.

It was not really her uncle's fault. He had done what he thought was right. In a sudden spasm of hatred she tried to remember that. Sitting there in the semi-dark, her packing done, the rest of the evening a vacuum before the midnight train, she wished for the first time that she smoked. It would give her something to do momentarily: cross the room, grope in a pocket for a cigarette, and then light it.

Her uncle smoked thin, brown cigars. Andre-Paul smoked cigarettes, one after the other on some days; at other times hardly at all, pulling one from a crumpled package in his coat only after lunch or dinner, savoring it to the last.

She had wondered about that and had put it down to a change in mood that was too deep to show in other ways. Now, of course, she knew the reason: lack of money. All he had was sunk into that arid farm of his near Beaulac, and still it wasn't enough.

Joshua Maitland had explained that carefully during the morning interview, clipping off the end of his after-breakfast cigar with the gold knife that dangled from his watch chain.

"You see, my dear," he said, "most of us Americans don't realise just how poor even formerly wealthy Frenchmen are just now. At least, those of us who haven't been in Europe since the war," he went on, graciously and inaccurately including himself. "The

war itself, the occupation, and then the strikes . . ." His voice trailed off. "It's hard for us really to understand."

In the midst of her awakening to what was coming, Emily found time to feel sorry for her uncle. He was so obviously caught between two loyalties: one to his beloved, adopted country, France, which normally he could not bear to hear criticised, and an older obligation to his niece from the same small farming town in Vermont from which he had come.

It required some juggling in time. He had to throw aside the tenderly cultivated love of forty years and speak in a language he had almost forgotten. Even his voice was different. When he spoke French, which he did almost always, it was lighter, readier. Now he was fumbling with old phrases and colloquialisms.

"Are you trying to tell me that Andre-Paul is a fortune hunter?" said Emily bluntly, her hands clenched in her lap.

A look of distaste passed quickly over her uncle's face. "Our way of doing things in America is different," he said sharply. "According to French standards, he is perfectly within his rights to want to marry a girl with money. He owes it to his family."

He pulled up sharp, as though realising that, without meaning to, he had wandered into the other camp. He had not summoned his niece in order to defend Andre-Paul; on the contrary.

He took a deep breath and warmed his words with the glow of a compliment. "You're an American girl, Emily, and very much a native product. It was wonderful, your aunt leaving you that money, and fine for you to come over here. Everyone should travel. But now it's time you went home and

"Tell me," said Andre-Paul as he and Emily rode along together, "what was your farm in America like?"

married some nice American boy. I don't think you're at all suited—well—to life over here." His voice faded away again.

And Emily, with characteristic insight, saw herself as she appeared in his eyes: a plain girl with brown hair and eyes, as unspectacular as the brogues and tan linen she was wearing—and, by contrast, Andre-Paul, with his Gallic attractiveness.

"Anyway," he said, obviously glad to return to facts, "Andre-Paul said in his note that he would be here at twelve, and we shall see."

"He is coming," said Emily defensively, "to tell you that we want to be married."

"Yes, my dear, I know. Very proper." They waited in silence for Andre-Paul's arrival. Emily, perched on the edge of her uncle's gilt-and-damask sofa, her body tense, let her mind stray back over the three months since she had met Andre-Paul.

Falling in love had been no part of her plan when she came to Paris. Coming at all had been, for ten years, an impossible dream that suddenly became possible when her aunt in New York died.

After six years as a secretary, Emily wouldn't have been able to pay her passage on a freighter. But the astonishingly large legacy made first-class fare on the world's largest liner of little more moment than a bus trip from one end of town to the other.

Even after meeting Andre-Paul at an embassy party, she had kept the even tenor of her dream, seeing with him the Louvre,

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Page 4

The Prescription is

ANDREW brought the letter home with him that evening from the hospital, waiting for the proper time to mention it.

He sat restlessly through dinner, only half listening to his mother's fond chatter . . . "Andy, do try to get outdoors more often, darling. That suntan is so becoming with your white coat."

"All right, Mother. Although my patients rarely notice a becoming suntan through an anaesthetic."

"Now there's Val," Mrs. Ellison said, unruffled, "so charming and always thinks of his appearance. He'll make a splendid doctor if he ever graduates." She sighed, "How your father would have loved seeing you boys in his office, carrying on."

"Val isn't there yet!" Andrew tossed the letter across to her. "I'm afraid the family tradition is due for a spin."

"You mean the Army's breathing down his neck again?"

"No, it's romance this time . . . and panting, not breathing! He's in love again."

She was still unruffled. "Oh, well, he had measles twice." But her blue eyes grew very alert in her small tanned face. The curly grey hair above it made a surprising and charming contrast. "Val has a rubber heart. It always bounces back. This is another infatuation."

"He says he wants to chuck medicine for something quicker."

"But he can't, the idiot! With only one more year to go." She began to skim through the letter. "Val's got to grow up."

Then she read, "Her name is Adrian and she goes to the university and he's bringing her home this Saturday on their Easter vacation to meet us—after their marriage!" She stared at Andrew, her face crumpling like a stricken old woman's.

Andrew said gently. "He's taking no chances this time on your marvellous powers of reasoning."

"But it's not fair. You've slaved ever since your father died, putting Val through school. That girl's putting him up to this . . . he can't support a wife on a resident doctor's pay, and a doctor has to spread himself so thin there's nothing left for his family . . . Humph! I shared your father with a great many people, but it only made our lives richer. Wait'll I get my hands on this Adrian creature. Where can we reach them?"

She looked very tiny beside his tall vigorous figure as they got up from the table, and he smiled at her. "You don't reach people on a honeymoon. It isn't done. Let's worry about this when Val gets here."

Then he bent his dark head dejectedly for an instant, and his face was full of angles and hard planes, as lean and brown and sharply cut as if by one of his own knives. "I've got to look in at the hospital."

"But it's your turn, darling, for a vacation or a love affair."

"No, thanks." He grimmed at her. "My job calls for steady nerves and quick reflexes. Thinking about girls slows down my reflexes."

"Oh, dear," she said irrelevantly, "I wish I'd named Val Mike instead of Valentine. Your Uncle Dewey Valentine has never done one thing to help Val, and he's got pots of money."

"He's got pots!" Andrew pinched her nose disapprovingly. "I'm off, but to look in on a duodenal ulcer instead of a love affair."

With one of her quick unpredictable changes, she forgot Val and began to worry about her older son. "I'm serious, Andy. You never have any fun. I do wish you'd take time off to have one."

"If you mean an ulcer, I probably have one now!" And he escaped laughing.

When he left the hospital some time later, Andrew drove out into the country-

side. He felt lonely and depressed and bitterly disappointed.

He had looked forward to Val coming in with him . . . Val with his quick decisions, his brilliance. Together they'd be a team. Val couldn't walk out on him now with only a year more to go.

A full moon swam up the sky and the countryside seemed strangely quiet, as if all the woodland creatures slept or were under a spell.

Even the wind was still.

He came to a molten stream and started across the little wooden bridge, driving slowly, absorbed in his thoughts. Suddenly he saw a solitary horseman in the middle of the bridge and his mind jerked back to realities.

For an instant they were there before him as though enchanted, the horse pacing dreamily, the girl—for her slim-

BY MARY
ROSBOROUGH

ness, her lifting hair proclaimed her thus—riding with bent head as if she, too, were bewitched.

The next instant his headlights blazed, the horse went into a panic, rearing, snorting, and pawing the air. His hoofs crashed shattering against the railing and his neigh was as high-pitched as a shriek.

The girl hung low on his neck, sticking like a burr. Andrew jammed on the brakes and his headlights flicked off so suddenly that the darkness seemed to rush in from all sides.

He was out of the car, running towards them, grabbing at the horse's bridle. The plunging shadow was terrifyingly tall above him, reins dangling forever out of reach like a moment in a nightmare.

Then he was knocked off his feet by the mad wheeling of the animal. There was the hollow thunder of hoofs galloping down the bridge and away, echoing fainter and fainter on the dark road.

Andrew picked himself up and ran to the figure of the girl lying in a heap on the worn planks. Moonlight lay brightly on her chestnut hair, on her white sleeping face, on the blood trickling down her forehead.

It was very late and the hospital corridor was filled with a dim silence, broken only by Andrew's footfalls, the starry whisper of a nurse hurrying by, and the troubled breathing of the sick.

A night sister sat at a desk in a little

Andrew looked at his mother. "You don't seem to have a very soothing effect, do you?" he said.

core of light, and Andrew paused to speak to her and glance at a new chart.

He still looked untruffled although his face was pale and strained and his eyes hollowed by shadows, so that they had no color, only tiredness.

His knees felt oddly shaky and his muscles stiff from his own fall and his mad ride back to the hospital with the unconscious girl.

Irrelevantly he could hear his mother saying: "I must say, a high-handed way of gathering in patients!"

The shadowy corridor and this little island of light in which he stood were as familiar to him as his own hand, yet tonight their drama was heightened by his own feeling of suspense.

But he went calmly enough down the hall to the girl's room. There he paused in the half-opened door, hearing faint voices.

He could see the bulky figure of the nurse at the bedside and hear her quiet voice evidently answering a question: "You're all right. You've had a little accident, that's all."

She must have just come out of it. Andrew thought, then for the first time he heard the strange girl's voice. "Accident?" It was a whisper, low and husky.

"Yes. But don't try to talk. Your horse threw you."

There was a silence as the girl considered this, probably trying to remember through the confusion of pain and shock. The room swam in a white light, but it was no longer moonlight.

Andrew gazed at the girl, living much the same as she had when he first ran to her on the bridge. The night light shone on the chestnut hair, the delicacy of that white face. But now her eyes glimmered from beneath heavy lashes. "Did . . . did I . . . break my neck?" she murmured.

"Goodness, no. Just a gash on your head. You've had a needle and a blood transfusion. You're in fine shape. Now, let's go to sleep!"

"But there's something . . . ?" The girl's voice was stronger and full of anxiety. She tried to raise her hand, but it fell weakly.

"Something you want to tell me?" The nurse bent over her, and Andrew involuntarily put out his own hand towards the limp white one the nurse was smoothly tucking back under the coverlet. "What is it you want to tell me, dear?" the nurse coaxed.

"That it . . . wasn't the horse's fault," the low voice said painfully.

Andrew came forward noiselessly. "No, it was my fault," he said quietly, the nurse coaxed.

LOVE

Andrew always thought he was much too busy to spare a moment for romance — but he changed his mind when Susan fell for him.

and paused at the foot of the bed, careful not to touch it.

The nurse retreated into the dimness and the girl gazed back at him blankly from her heavy-lidded eyes. Andrew went on slowly and clearly, "I was the person who drove upon the bridge and scared your horse. It was my fault. I wanted you to know." He came nearer, "I'm terribly sorry about it."

The blankness disappeared, but she looked troubled. "Why, that's all right. I feel . . . fine." Then almost urgently, she whispered, "Don't be . . . unhappy . . . about it."

His heart melted at the distress in her voice over his feelings, and he didn't know what to say. Somewhere a clock was striking, a far-off chiming, and a nurse rustled by the door like a white swallow. There was the almost noiseless whirr of rubber wheels in the corridor, bringing someone back or taking some one away.

But she was trying to speak again and he bent nearer. "Are you . . . a cook?" The eyes opened wider, puzzled. "I've seen you somewhere."

He almost smiled. She must have been half-conscious in the operating-room. "In a white cap and coat? That was my operating outfit you saw. I'm a doctor. I sewed up a gash in your head."

"And you were the man . . . in the car, too?" There was a faint amusement in the dim voice. "Do you . . . go out . . . and drag in your patients?"

"Competition's keen!" Then his smile faded. "I had to cut your hair a little."

And he stared fixedly at the wall over her head, remembering oddly how the silky hair had clung to his glove like a cobweb.

She tried to put her hand up to the bandage, and her eyes were confused.

"Don't talk any more now," he said, taking her wrist lightly. His

touch was firm and impersonal.

"But that place?" Her whisper was insistent. "It was . . . the operating room?"

She was still puzzled. "That's right." With his sensitive perceptions he instantly saw it with her eyes . . . waking in a strange place that was full of busy sounds, water rushing, pans clattering, instruments being taken from the steriliser, footsteps hurrying, herself in that core of brightness from the enormous, round, blue light over her head.

"It sounded . . . like a hotel kitchen," she murmured, "that's why . . . I thought you were a cook. People were washing silverware . . ."

"All knives!" He chuckled softly. "Go to sleep now." He touched her hand, conscious of its warmth and softness. "I'll see you in the morning."

But her heavy lashes fluttered as another question fought its way up through the drowsiness: "Look on . . . the chart," she murmured urgently. "Tell me . . . my name. I can't seem to remember."

Instantly the nurse was bending over her on the other side of the bed. "We'll tell you in the morning," she said soothingly. "Go to sleep now."

The drowsy lids did not lift this time, and over her sleeping head Andrew and the nurse exchanged questioning looks.

Mrs. Ellison craned her head around the silver coffee pot. "Where were you last night, Andy? You didn't have any rest?"

She poured his coffee so vigorously that it splashed into the saucer. "Bother! In fact, you look disgraceful, as if you'd been drinking!"

"Had to give a transfusion at the hospital," he muttered, skimming the newspaper headlines. "Laboratory happened to be out of the type needed."

She sniffed. "Must you pour out your own blood for every Tom, Dick, or Harry?"

"Well, I do it neater than you

pour coffee." He looked up grinning. "And it wasn't for Tom, Dick, or Harry. It was for a girl. I thought you'd be pleased because I took your advice. I met a beautiful girl last night, with bronze-colored hair."

Her blue eyes sparkled. "How lovely. Who is she?"

"Nobody knows yet. I sort of knocked her unconscious."

"Well . . . well!" she was delighted. "Val couldn't have done any better. Oh, bother! Val! What are we going to do about that dreadful boy, Andy?"

"I haven't given him a thought, Mother. Seriously, this girl had rather a bad accident and it was my fault." He told her about it and she stopped eating in excitement.

"And you don't know her name?"

"No. She was dazed and confused, in a sort of temporary amnesia. She'll probably snap out of it this morning and remember everything. I've already phoned both riding stables to check on her horse, but it didn't come from either place. Mrs. Burt checked her clothes last night for labels but there wasn't anything, only a lipstick in the pocket of her riding breeches."

"Perhaps she ripped the labels out because she's a gunman's what-do-you-call-em," Mrs. Ellison said hopefully. "Don't fall for her, Andy, till you find out whether she's nice."

"What - do - you - call - ems don't ride horseback, it's too conspicuous," he told her, amused, "and alas, she fell for me, smack on her head, poor darling!"

"I don't think you made a very good first impression," his mother said worriedly, but Andrew was absorbed in his newspaper and didn't answer. And, oddly, instead of the printed page, he saw a white, still face framed in bronzed hair, and he was remembering the way his heart pounded when he lifted her inert body and carried her to his car.

The venetian blinds quivered in the wind and bars of sunlight travelled up

the pale wall, then down again.

Andrew hesitated in the door of the hospital room, feeling a detached clinical interest in the odd way his heart was acting. It had begun that accelerated pounding again. He glanced in. The girl was still sleeping.

Her chestnut hair fell forward against her cheek, and the white hospital gown hung high up around her neck and her delicate features made her look childlike and defenceless.

Then he saw her lashes flutter, saw that they were wet. He felt a twinge of pity and stepped back, tapping lightly on the door.

When he entered she was hastily wiping her eyes and before he could even say "Good morning," she burst out, "Doctor, what's happened to me? I can't wake up. I can't remember anything!"

She struggled up on an elbow, painfully holding her bandaged head. Her eyes were wide and brown and panic-stricken.

He reached the bed in a stride and pushed her gently back on the pillow. "Hold on now. Don't be frightened." He took her hands;

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Illustrated by BOOTHROYD



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The Seventh Step

A short short story by Stephen Phillips

ACROSS the doorway at the top of the steps, the curtains hang quiet, sometimes gently moving in the hot night breeze.

They're made of some dark material, and they keep the insects out but not the air.

I certainly didn't realise that when I hung them months ago that so much would depend on them one day.

Let me explain that a bit better. The important fact is that you can't see through those curtains. If you're on the inside, you can't see what's going on outside, if anything is going on. And if you're outside, well, the same applies.

I don't need to be able to see. I'll know it's Benson all right. I've got to thank the seventh step for that; he always stumbles over it. No one else. Only Benson.

In a few minutes he'll be coming up those steps, out of the darkness of the jungle. Any moment now . . . I've timed his return to the nearest possible second. I know just how long it will take him to get to the place where he was going, and just how long it should take him to return. Barring anything unforeseen. There's always an element of chance in everything. You have to take the risk of that. With a chap like Benson, such a risk isn't so great. He's the kind that is more like a machine than a man.

You ought to know one thing. I'm a pretty sick guy. Yes, fever . . . So if this story rambles a bit, or seems confused, you'll know why.

I'm trying to get it clear; to picture it for you. About the steps, I mean. Seven, there are. The last one—the seventh—shouldn't be there at all. I'll tell you why presently.

When I hear Benson stumble and swear—I'll let him have it. The gun's on the table, beside the bed I'm lying on.

The gun's a revolver, six-chambered. And each chamber has a nice new gleaming cartridge in it. I'm going to let him have the lot, through those curtains.

They ought to do the trick.

It's this way, you see. Either I've got to kill Benson, or he's going to kill me. A bit melodramatic, you may think; but that's how it is. I'll speak the truth, if you like. I'm no saint, and Benson's wife's no angel. Well, now I've told you.

Let me put you wise about Alec Benson; as wise, anyway, as I am now, lying here. Benson's one of those upright, never-tell-a-lie guys. Too nice, too decent for the sort of grubby world we live in. The kind of guy most women respect and like, after a fashion; the sort of guy few of them ever fall in love with. Not really in love, I mean.

Anyhow, Benson's a fool. Can't see anything beyond the end of his nose. Wouldn't do a mean trick to anyone, and wouldn't even think of anyone doing such things to him. That's Benson.

Get it straight, though. It's Benson or me. I prefer it to be Benson. If he gets the chance, he'll shoot me like I was a mad dog or something. Didn't he say as much, just before he went?

"I'm taking Laura to Port Moresby," he said. "But I'm coming back, Andrews. Right away . . . You're a bit of a mad dog, Andrews; and there's only one thing to be done with a mad dog . . ."

Oh, he means it, all right. Guys like Benson always do. You can see for yourself the kind of fool he is, can't you? I mean, to tell me he's coming back to kill me.

So I'd got out the gun and started loading it up; and I'd been sitting there, with the thing in my hand, pointed at those curtains, when he'd come back again, unexpectedly. I wasn't ready for him, and hadn't time to put the gun away before he stumbled over that step and almost pitched right through the curtains.

"Forgot my pipe," he said.

Quer sort of thing to say, at such a time, you may think. But he didn't seem to take much notice of me, sitting there with the gun in my hand. In fact, after he'd gone with Laura, I got to thinking he hadn't

with me and old Charlie Higgs, the trader. So you see the Doc and Charlie—and Laura—were pretty used to my steps. Benson only looked in once in a while. Maybe that's one reason why he'd never got used to the seventh step . . .

"You look all washed up, Jim," the Doc said. "Got something on your mind? I mean, apart from the fever?"

"Yes," I said, playing my cards careful.

"Laura Benson?"

"That's right, Doc. I have no excuses. In Benson's eyes, I'm just a mad dog."

"Is that what he called you?"

"Yes. Says he'll be back, right away, to kill me. Think he means it, Doc?" I knew Benson meant it all

There were no two ways about this situation. I had to shoot Benson before he killed me.

river. Benson always looked more like a scholar than a planter. He wasn't my kind; or Laura's kind, either. Just how she'd ever come to marry a guy like Benson I never could fathom.

"I'll take you back to the house, Laura," he said. She went with him meekly.

At the bottom of the steps Benson was waiting for me.

"I'll not waste time asking you if you're in love with Laura," he said, contemptuously. "A man of your sort doesn't know the meaning of the word."

"Well, go on," I said. "Is there anything you mean to do about it?"

"I'm taking Laura to Port Moresby," he said. "But I'm coming back, Andrews. Right away . . . You're a bit of a mad dog, Andrews; and there's only one thing to be done with a mad dog . . ."

The curtains hang still. Now, there isn't any wind at all; and the dripping of the rain has stopped. He's coming now. I hear the launch tie up at the small jetty. He's squelching through the mud with those heavy boots of his. Now they're on the steps, pressing hard and firm. I start counting. One, two, three, four, five . . . I grip the gun and wait. Six . . . I've got to be sure, of course. Now . . . I hear one of those heavy boots stumble. The seventh step . . . I blaze off, right through the curtains. Something slumps outside. I wait, listening. I get out of bed. I pull aside the curtains . . .

On the steps she is lying. I stand and stare an instant, like a madman. Then I gather her up in my arms and put her on the bed.

"He told me to make my choice," Laura said, "so I came back."

"I—I won't let you die."

"Jim, what's the use . . ." I'll never forget the way she looked at me, a faint smile on her lips. "This time, Jim, I've got a one-way ticket . . ."

The rains start again.

"I'll get the Doc," I say.

"It's no use, Jim."

"Don't talk that way, Laura . . ."

"Don't leave me now, Jim. It's too late."

I stand and listen to the beating rain.

"Jim, hold me . . . No regrets, Jim?"

"No regrets."

"That's the way I'd like it to be, Jim . . . always. Jim, you're crying. Tears," she said. "I didn't know a man like you could ever cry. Listen to the rain. It's like soft thunder . . ." I listened, not hearing anything, only her voice. "I—I suppose we were wrong to love each other," she said. "Perhaps that's why it's ended the way it has . . ."

"It's not ended," I tell her.

But I know it can't be true. She is slipping away from me, for ever.

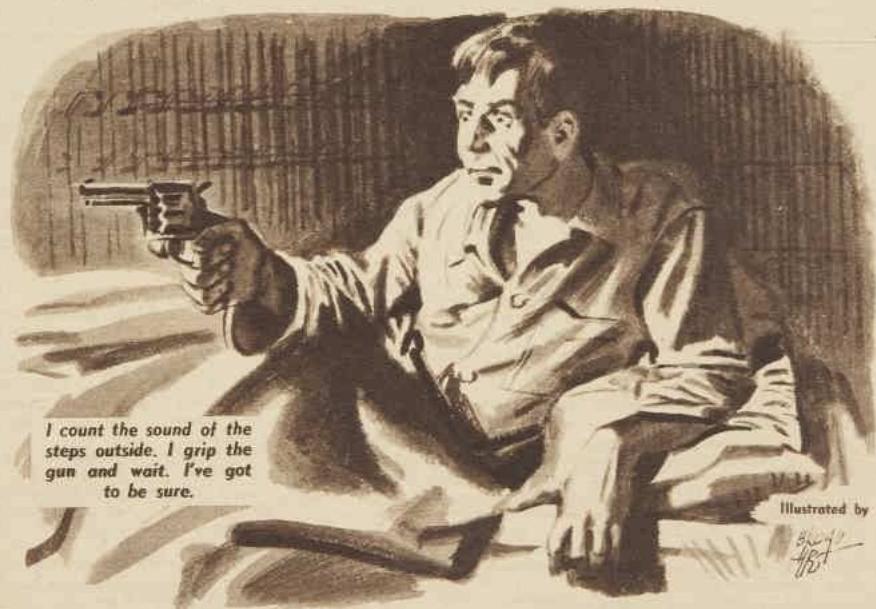
Two years later, it was; in Rio, where I'd gone to try to forget, though I knew I never would. And there, on the other side of the street, I saw Alec Benson, walking with a woman beside him. A woman whose face made me think of the inside of a church . . .

And suddenly the truth hit me. Only one thing beats me still. Why did she have to stumble on the seventh step that night? She'd never done such a thing before. Was it that she was so eager, so excited that she forgot? I don't know. I don't suppose I ever shall know now.

One thing I do know, though. I'd been mistaken about Benson. He wasn't the fool I'd always thought him. He'd seen what was in my eyes that night, as I sat, gun in hand, looking at those curtains . . .

There was this other woman. He'd had it all worked out—when she sent Laura back to die.

(Copyright)



I count the sound of the steps outside. I grip the gun and wait. I've got to be sure.

Illustrated by

even seen it, or realised what I was intending to do. I thought he was so worked up about Laura and being the simple-minded guy he seemed, it just hadn't meant a thing to him . . .

Picture it for yourself. There was the house-on-stilts, built up high on poles, the way most houses are when they happen to be close to a river. That's why the steps were there, seven of them . . . A Dutchman had built the place, but I could never understand why he had put that seventh step in at all. It came almost flush with the floor and stuck out at least a foot more than it need have done. But, as I say, most of us were used to it; everyone but Benson. He always forgot about that step.

When he'd gone, I lay grinning. It seemed to me my alibi was pretty good. The Doc knew all about Benson coming back and shooting me, like a mad dog. I couldn't expect much sympathy, but I could look for cold justice in the eyes of the law. If a guy is out to get you, even though you've stolen his wife, and you have the luck to get him first—well, it ought to save you from the rope, if nothing else.

Let's go back a little way now. I used to wonder about the Bensons—just why they'd come into the Papuan jungle to work a rubber plantation fifteen miles or so up

the last chance he'd get to look at her, hadn't Laura's sultry beauty, Laura's eyes.

This woman, I saw, was older than Laura, with quiet eyes and a look that made you think of the inside of a church, because there wasn't any evil in it, or earthliness; only purity cold and clean as ice.

So we got to be friendly, the Bensons and me. I loaned them my tools to help rebuild their place. I helped them quite a lot. And all the time knew how it would end.

It was a snake that quickened the pace for both of us. We were coming back through the jungle and the thing was hanging to a low branch. It was just about to drop on Laura's shoulder. She saw it first and screamed. I jumped and snatched her away just in time, before I shot it dead. She was in my arms, shivering . . . That's the way it started.

It went on and on, after that. Benson never seemed to have any ideas about us. Left Laura alone pretty often.

Over the great river, high above the jungle, are the falls; a lovers' paradise. That's where we used to go; and that's where Benson found us one evening, just by luck. His face was like a mask. In his place, I'd have gone stark staring crazy. But Benson wasn't like me.

Beginning our dramatic mystery serial

The Frightened Wife

By
**MARY
ROBERTS
RINEHART**

NOTHING at all unusual seemed to be indicated that Tuesday morning in the life of Wade Forsythe, lieutenant in the late, if not the last, war and now member of the bar. There was no poetry in his soul, no particular love in his heart.

On the contrary, there was a look of concentrated hatred in his good-looking face as he sat down at his desk and glared at the red-bound book which was the Revenue Act of 1951.

His secretary, Miss Potter, accustomed to the Ides of March, was unperturbed.

"Take that mail out of my sight," Forsythe more or less snarled, "and see that I have a free morning. Do you know what date this is?"

Miss Potter indicated she did, and picked up the wire basket of correspondence.

"You understand, Potter. Nobody sees me. I'm out of town. I'm sick in bed. I broke my leg. And tell Stella, in case you have to powder your nose."

Miss Potter told Stella. That is, she said she hoped she would come through the next ten days without a heart attack.

"And if I'm out don't let anybody in the office," she warned. "Not unless you want your nose bitten off."

Which makes the more unusual what followed.

Forsythe was studying something concerning a collapsible corporation when he heard someone rapping rather desperately on the door leading to the hall. He was about to ring furiously for Miss Potter when it ceased to be necessary. The door opened and a young woman projected herself into the room.

For a moment she said nothing. She stood listening intently with her back to him. Then she turned and came towards him. She was breathing hard.

"I'm sorry," she gasped. "I thought this was the reception room!"

"The sign on the door says 'Private,'" he told her coldly. "If you have an appointment—"

She shook her head, and as though her legs would not hold her she sat down suddenly. Forsythe thought she was about to faint, but she rallied. She tried to smile.

"Just let me get my breath," she said. "I—I suppose I hurried, rather."

She was still pale, however, and he saw she was trembling. Something had frightened her, and frightened her badly.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'll get something to fix you up. Just sit still."

He disappeared into the small wash-room off the office and came back with a bottle and two glasses. Into one he poured a fair shot of brandy and held it out to her.

"Down with it," he ordered peremptorily. "Then the water. You'll be all right."

She choked a little, but obeyed him, and after a moment or two her color began to come back. Her voice, too, was stronger.

"Do you mind locking that door?" she asked. "The one where I came in?"

"Of course not. It's supposed to be left locked. These night cleaning women—"

She watched him as he fastened the door and then went around to sit behind his desk. She perplexed him. She was rather lovely, he thought passionately, in spite of her evident terror. In spite, too, of her worn gloves and handbag and the pretty but inexpensive suit and hat.

"Now," he said, as her color came back, "what's it all about? The police aren't after you, are they?"

"The police?" She looked surprised. "Why the police?"

He smiled. "Well, when a young woman bolts through a door marked 'Private' and then tries to faint, I wonder a little. That's all."

"Just because I came through the wrong door!" she said indignantly. "Actually I came to see you professionally, Mr. Forsythe. I—I have a problem. You see, I want to draw up a will."

It was the last thing he expected, although he was rapidly revising his opinion of her. Certainly she was a lady. Her voice was cultured, her diction impeccable. Nevertheless, the idea of a will made him smile again.

"You look pretty healthy," he said. "Pretty young, too. Why a will?"

"I can't tell you," she said flatly. "And I'm not so young. I'm twenty-seven. Everybody should make a will. You're a lawyer. You know that."

"It depends. Sometimes a will is a nuisance. Of course, if there's considerable property at stake—"

"There is, and it's mine, Mr. Forsythe."

"What sort of property?"

"Money. Quite a lot of it." And seeing his puzzled face, she went on. "The trouble is, it's not deposited in my own name. I've used my pen name. Now I don't know what to do."

He smiled. "That's not insuperable. Certainly, it's hardly frightening. From whom were you escaping when you ducked in here?"

"My husband," she said defiantly. "I thought I had lost him. He wasn't far behind me as I got into the elevator."

She meant it. He saw that. She clenched her hands together to steady them.

"Maybe you'd better explain," he said mildly. "You've written something under a pseudonym, and it has made you some money. Where does your husband come in? Does he want the cash, or what?"

"He doesn't know about it, or at least he didn't until a few days ago. Now I don't know. He's suspicious. Perhaps someone in our apartment building heard me typing and mentioned it to him. Or he may have followed me to Central Park."

He looked slightly puzzled. "Central Park? What about it?"

"I don't suppose you listen to the radio much," she said. "I've had an afternoon programme running almost ever since the war. You know,

a soap opera about a family. The sponsors call it Monica's Marriage, and they pay well, especially if the stuff is popular. I began it after my husband came home from France. Only I didn't use his name. I didn't tell him about it at all." She looked at him, still rather defiantly.

"Why not? You weren't ashamed of it, were you?"

"I suppose it's all right. I'm dreadfully tired of it, of course."

"And your husband?" he insisted.

"I wanted him to be a man, if you know what I mean; to get work and settle down. Even as things were, he didn't try to get anything to do for a long time. He drank a lot, and I think he gambled. But we got along. I have an aunt in Connecticut, and he thought she was keeping us. I was having a baby, too. He didn't want it."

He felt a certain admiration for her, for her determination to make something of a worthless husband. And something else was tugging at his mind, a feeling of familiarity, as though some time in his life he had known her.

"He works now, I suppose?"

"He sells second-hand cars. We live on what he makes, but sometimes I wonder—" She did not finish that. "I don't blame him entirely," she said. "The war changed a lot of men. And after my baby came I wanted to keep the money for the child."

"Where is it? Where do you keep it?"

"In a bank downtown. My agent takes her ten per cent., and after that she deposits the rest to my account under my other name. I call myself Jessica Blake."

"And suppose your husband finds the bank's deposit receipts?"

"They're in my agent's files. It's the Gotham Trust Company."

He sat back, thinking hard. Great Scott, he thought, after seven years this girl might have a considerable sum. His eyes fell on the book on the desk in front of him.

"What about taxes?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said vaguely.

"I suppose my agent pays them."

"If she doesn't, pity help her," he warned her. And when she made no comment: "You say you want it to go to your son?"

"In trust. He's only six now. And I've sent him to my aunt. It seemed better, the way things are."

Things must be pretty bad, he thought, to make her do that. The husband was evidently a bad egg. Suppose he learned about the money and decided to do away with her. It would be easy—a push under a bus or taxi.

But, of course, that was ridiculous. He was building something out of nothing, and since she seemed determined to move the Jessica Blake account to her own name he told her that she and the agent—and himself, if she wanted him—could do it easily whenever she cared to do so. It was a simple matter of identification.

"Which reminds me," he said. "You haven't told me your name. I may want to telephone you, you know."

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JOHN MILES



She looked frightened again. "Please don't," she said. "I'll call you. But I want a simple will. As little as possible to my husband, although I expect he will have to have something. The rest to go to Billy, my boy."

"Billy who? What's his full name?"

"William Blake Collier. I think you knew my husband in France. He's Wilfred Collier, if you remember him."

Forsythe felt a cold chill down his spine. Fred Collier had been a sergeant in his company when he first joined it as a green young lieutenant. And Fred had been the typical sergeant of fiction, hard, unscrupulous, and even murderous when drinking. He had a wild inclination to tell this girl not to go back to him.

"I remember him, yes, Mrs. Collier. He's no man to fool with. If you're worried, how about going to this aunt in Connecticut?"

She was not listening. A man was walking along the hall outside. She did not move, but all her color was gone again, and the fingers gripping the bag were white with tension. A moment later they heard a man's voice raised in the outer office.

"I want to see Forsythe," he said arrogantly. "And if my wife's with him, I want to see her, too."

"Your wife's not here," Miss Potter snapped. "There's no woman here except the two of us. And Mr. Forsythe is out."

"I think you're lying, sister."

"I wouldn't bother," she said contemptuously. "Go and hunt your wife somewhere else. Or, if you want trouble, there are quite a few husky young men around on this floor to give it to you."

"I've handled young punks before this. I don't scare easy."

In spite of this, however, a moment or two later the outer door

slammed and Collier started back along the hall. At the door marked "private" he stopped and tried the knob, then finding the door locked and hearing no sounds within, he went on. Neither the girl nor Forsythe spoke until they heard the elevator stop to pick him up.

"That's that," Forsythe said. "I don't like the idea of your going home to him, Mrs. Collier."

"I'll be all right," she told him. "I don't think he's sure yet, and until he is—I only hope I haven't got you into trouble. May I stay a few minutes if I'm not disturbing you?"

"Stay as long as you like," he said. "Just try to relax. Want another brandy?"

"I'm all right, thanks."

"You know," he said conversationally, "your boy's name—William Blake. I knew a Bill Blake at college. And I have an idea I've seen you before. You look vaguely familiar."

It was the right note. She even managed a faint smile.

"I didn't think you could possibly remember," she said. "It's years ago. I went to a prom at Yale, and you were taking a postgraduate course in law there. You'd played football, of course, and I almost died with excitement when you asked me to dance. I always thought Bill asked you to."

He remembered her then. A scared, very young girl with amazingly long eyelashes and in a badly fitted white dress, with her brother desperately working for men to dance with her.

"Of course," he said amusedly. "Bill Blake's young sister Anne! Do you know, you still have the eyelashes!"

"It was my first real party," she said rather shyly. "But that's one reason I'm here. I knew you and Bill were friends."

"So we were. He was a grand guy. I'm afraid I've lost touch with him lightly."

The girl turned from Forsythe, sudden terror in her face, as they heard the doorknob tried from the outside.

him since then." He said it tentatively and he was not astonished when he saw tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You see, he was killed in action. If only I had him—"

Unexpectedly she dropped her head on the desk, her shoulders shaking with repressed sobs. He got up and put an arm over her thin shoulders.

"Don't cry, Anne," he said. "Let me be Bill and see what I can do. There are plenty of ways of fixing this thing up. And one of them, he thought, was to throw the fear of God into Wilfred Collier. "Why did you marry him, Anne?"

She did not lift her head. "Why does any girl marry any man? Maybe it was the uniform, I don't know. Bill brought him to see me before they went overseas. He wrote to me all through the war, and—well, that's all. We were married as soon as he came back."

She got up then and once more he repeated his suggestion about the aunt in Connecticut. She shook her head, however.

"I can't go anywhere until I've straightened things out and made the will," she said. "After that, I'll feel free to take young Billy and go wherever I want to."

"Can you come back tomorrow morning?"

"I can try," she said. "I'm sorry if I've involved you in anything, Wade. You don't mind if I call you that, do you? But you heard Fred. He's in an ugly mood. He'll try to make trouble. I know him."

At the door he was surprised when she stood on tiptoe and kissed him lightly.

"For being wonderful to Bill's sister," she said, and was out of the door and out of sight before he had recovered.

Of course the elevator had gone when he reached it. He took the next one down, only to see her being put into a rather battered car, with a man holding tight to her elbow. It did not require another look for him to recognise the big, hulking figure of Fred Collier.

Evidently Collier either knew or suspected what she had been doing, and Forsythe had a feeling that no time ought be lost. The very thought of Collier inheriting his wife's hard-earned money was revolting. But it was not only that. It would be easy, he realised, knowing the man, to get her out of the way by faking some sort of accident.

It was out of his hands, of course, at least until and if she came back the next day. And he had even, he remembered, forgotten to ask her agent's name.

He picked up the red-bound book on his desk and absently read a paragraph where it opened. It read: "Redemption of stock to pay death taxes. The provisions of this subsection—"

He flung the book across the room and rang for Miss Potter. She came in with her notebook, a substantial woman in her forties, looking prepared for anything. He waved the notebook aside, however.

"Know anything about the radio business, Miss Potter?" he asked.

For once, she looked astonished. "Radio?" she said. "I've got a set, if that's what you mean."

"The business," he said shortly. "The scripts, if that's what they call them. How do they get them? Who writes them?"

"I'm sure I don't know. One of the elevator men here keeps trying. I don't think he's sold any."

"Well, find out as soon as you can. Get a list of the agents who handle

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Page 9

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Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

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that sort of stuff. The town must be full of them."

Miss Potter took it in her stride. "Anything you particularly want to know?"

He hesitated. "I'd like to know who handles a serial called 'Monica's Marriage,'" he said. "By a writer named Jessica Blake. Maybe you're scouting for a sponsor, but be sure you keep me out of it."

Miss Potter refused to look surprised. Very little surprised her, but she was not unaware that a small, white handkerchief was on the floor in front of the desk, and to her experienced eyes it was definitely moist. So maybe that tough guy's wife had been here after all. She would do her best, and retired with her usual placidity.

In the rest-room later, she found Stella, powdering and lipsticking for the lunch hour, and queried her.

"Ever hear of a radio programme called 'Monica's Marriage,' Stella?" she asked.

"Mother lives by it. Hears it every day. What about it?"

"Know who sponsors it?"

"Listen," Stella said, working with an eyebrow brush, "I wouldn't be caught dead listening to that trash. What's your interest in it?"

"Nothing much," said Miss Potter, preparing to leave. "Have an idea the boss may be going into radio. That's all, and I say, bless him. Anything but taxes."

Miss Potter had not located the agent for "Monica's Marriage" by the time the office closed, and Forsythe felt more and more uneasy as he took a taxi home. It was raining again. And he was relieved, in his state of mind, that he had that rarity among well-to-do young New York bachelors, a free evening.

He lived with his widowed sister, Margery, in an old, high-stooped house, the home in which he had been born and which, except for some necessary modernisation, was much as it had been built. Margery had refused to change it or to move to an apartment.

"I like to eat looking out on the garden," she said, the garden being a euphemism for the small back plot. "And I really can't see Thomas Carlyle with a sandbox and without his lady friends. It would be sheer cruelty to animals."

Forsythe always grinned at that. He was confident that due to Thomas Carlyle—so named because of Margery's reading of the French Revolution—the district was swarming with unwanted kittens.

He was not grinning that night, however. Margery, plump and easygoing, looked at him with a speculative eye as she came down the stairs.

"Tired?" she asked.

"This weather," he said, handing his raincoat to a neat maid. "Thank goodness I'm in tonight. I need a cocktail. How about you?"

They went to the big living-room at the back of the house. He did not relax, however, while he mixed and shook cocktails at the portable bar. Being a wise woman, Margery simply waited, sipping her drink. She was ten years older than he was, and in a sense

she had reared him.

"What's bothering you, Wade?" she asked finally. "Anything wrong at the office?"

"No. Not exactly. Just something that happened. I didn't handle it very well. Maybe I'm scared. I don't know."

She gazed at him. He was not easily scared. In fact, she thought he probably never had been. "What's frightened you?" she asked placidly. "Is it the Government? You're always jittery this time of the year."

He hesitated, but having gone so far he went on grimly. "I let a girl leave with a husband who has a lot to gain if he can manage to kill her. If he knows what I think he knows, he may."

"Wade! You didn't!"

"Well, what was I to do? Chase them? Notify the police? So far as I know, he hasn't lifted a hand against her yet."

"I don't understand," Margery said. "Who is she? And why did she come to you?"

"She wants to make a will. Or she wanted to. I don't even know if she goes home today. Maybe he crashed the car somewhere."

"Perhaps that's only her story. Is she pretty, Wade?"

"How on earth do I know? She's slim as a rail and she looks desperate. Besides, I knew the man in the war. He was a murderous brute."

He was about to make himself another cocktail when Margery stopped him. "You don't need that," she said sharply. "You need what brains you have if you're really worried. Why not call up, if she has a telephone, and see if she's there?"

"And have him suspect who it is? He followed her to the office today. Potter got rid of him, but he was suspicious."

"He wouldn't know about me. What's her name, and where does she live?"

"I don't know where she lives. She rushed out in a hurry. She's Mrs. Wilfred Collier, and if you remember Bill Blake from my college days, she's his young sister, Anne. That's why she came to see me."

"Then she may be in the Social Register. The Blakes used to be, before all their money went."

"Better try the telephone book," he said dryly. "I don't imagine Collier rates the Register. But I'd like to bet the police have his record somewhere. Look here," he added, "you might get her into trouble."

"Why?" she said practically. "If he answers, I can pretend it was a wrong number. If she does, you'll know she's all right. In the East Fifties, Wilfred Collier. That's it, isn't it? If I didn't know you better, I'd say you'd fallen for the girl."

He dialled deliberately, to have a male voice answer in a loud bellow: "Well, what is it?"

"I'm very sorry," Margery said politely. "I'm afraid I have the wrong number. You are certainly not the gentleman I am calling."

The immediate reaction was

a string of abuse, and she was slightly flushed as she hung up.

"If that was Wilfred Collier," she said, "I'd hate to meet him in an alley on a dark night or at any time or place. He's ragging about something." Then, seeing her brother's face, "but he can't have done her any real harm, Wade. If he had, wouldn't he be out somewhere establishing an alibi, or whatever they do?"

In spite of his state of mind, he smiled at this. "Nicely reasoned, my dear," he said. "As a matter of fact, he probably doesn't know about the will or anything else. Just now he's only suspicious and ugly. In a day or two he'll probably have dug up the whole story. Then there may be real trouble."

He did not elaborate on that. Dinner was announced and, with the neat maid serving, the talk was casual. He was aware, of course, of Margery's burning curiosity, but in these comfortable, familiar surroundings some of his own anxiety seemed rather absurd.

"Funny," he said. "I seem to have worked myself into a fit over a girl I only ever saw once before, and that was ten years ago. I danced with her and she remembered it."

He grinned at her. "She was pretty young, and Bill almost broke his neck trying to give her a good time. Then, before they went overseas, he brought this Collier to see her, and when Collier came back—Bill didn't—she married him. He was a bad egg, but there was no one to sell her. Now she has a son, and you can imagine how things are when she's sent the kid to an aunt in Connecticut."

"She must have money or why a will? The Blakes didn't leave anything."

He lit a cigarette before he answered. Just how much to tell Margery was a question. But she had a hard core of common sense and in the end he told her the story. Not too much for fear of alarming her. He left out Fred Collier in France, merely saying he had known him there, but at the mention of the radio programme Margery sat up.

"I often hear it," she said. "It's really good, Wade. And it's been going on forever. She must have pots of money. Is that what the will is about?"

"I told you she has a child. She wants the money in trust for him. Collier's not to touch it. He doesn't know about it yet. She's used another name, and I gather she only works when he's out, which is probably most of the time. But something has happened to make him suspicious. He was certainly tailing her today."

It was a relief to talk about the case. Nevertheless, he was still restless when they went up to the living-room. Usually on his few evenings at home he caught up with his reading, while Margery knitted and listened to the radio. But he could not settle down. There had been something almost sinister in the way Collier had

To page 47

By RUD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

DEAR, WE NEED A NEW CAR!

WHY HAVE WE GOT THE ONE WE HAVE?

EVERYTHING'S GETTING OLD AND CRACKY!

IT ARGUED WITH THE LAMP AGAIN THIS MORNING!



Only Mortein *plus* could kill this fly . . .



Mortein Plus can be sprayed without risk in sick-rooms, around children's toys, in the vicinity of milk or food. It is the SAFEST insect spray in Australia as well as the most EFFECTIVE.

THIS FLY was tough. Like billions of other flies, he was completely immune to D.D.T. To deal with the disease-carrying flies of to-day you need a spray that will slay the tough-guy flies . . . you need one that will kill the flies that laugh at ordinary sprays. You need MORTEIN PLUS.

Mortein Plus will kill ALL the flies that invade your home: and that is essential, because every fly, without exception, is a dangerous carrier of dirt and disease. You can't afford to use a spray which kills some flies and lets the "tough" ones go scot-free.

Mortein Plus is double-strength. It's the most effective insect spray money can buy. It kills insect pests stone dead. And they stay dead. Yet the insect-killing ingredients of Mortein Plus are guaranteed to be 100 times safer than those of commonplace D.D.T. sprays.

Mortein *plus*

Swiftly and SAFELY kills Flies, Mosquitoes and all Insect Pests

. . . and IT DOES NOT STAIN.

IN BRIEF . . .

There's nothing so cool, so fresh, so heavenly smooth and comfortable as lingerie made from 'Celanese' ACETATE Jersey!

Such an easy surface, it actually glides with the body's movements, is caressingly soft to the skin. Never runs, shrinks or stretches, washes and dries like a charm.



MAKE SURE YOU GET

'Celanese' JERSEY

A 'Celanese' ACETATE beauty fabric.

Special Feature

The Holiday Season

In this section we show you some of Australia's famous holiday resorts and give you helpful holiday hints.

Make your plans ahead

All sorts of things go towards making your holiday a perfect one — weather, companions, location, and a host of others. It's the details that count. They can make or break that wonderful, feet-off-the-ground vacation feeling. So when you're planning, look after the details and your holiday will look after itself. Here are 30 suggestions to help you on your way :

IF you adore luxury but haven't much money, have one wonderful week where you long to be rather than three weeks doing the next best thing.

DON'T ask acquaintances for holiday suggestions. They'll only suggest what they would like to do, and ten to one it won't suit you.

REMEMBER your age. If you're elderly and like to sit round sunning yourself quietly, don't go where mobs of teenagers will ruin your idyll. If you're young, don't go where you'll be condemned to bridge, tea, and slow walks. Plan in haste and you'll definitely repent at leisure.

FOR peace of mind, make a list before you pack, and do leave enough time to avoid a last-minute rush.

BE ruthless and don't pack anything you won't use. If your will-power is nil in this regard, get an expanding case.

LABEL the inside of your case as well as the outside. Labels can be torn off and identification made more difficult. You don't want to finish up with someone else's luggage and some highly unsuitable holiday wear.

DO take enough pairs of shoes. Don't fool yourself that you won't need that comfortable old pair. You will.

TAKE your own pillow for extra comfort.

DON'T take big bottles and jars of cosmetics. Decant them into small plastic containers and carry them along in a featherweight plastic bag.

A PIECE of thin rope comes in handy whether you're the mother of a family or a single person when you stay at a guest house or hotel. It makes a clothesline for your "smalls."

DON'T take your pet away unless you can look after it easily. Board it out at a good home and don't worry.

YOU'VE found the ideal place for your family's holidays and are going there every year. Keep a permanent list from year to year, reminding you of things to be done before you go, tradesmen's names, etc.

TAKE your own towel wherever you go. Apart from anything else, it's useful for wringing out nylon garments.

INCLUDE a sewing kit. Buttons come off and straps break just as often and just as inconveniently on holidays as at home.

VALUABLES can be a millstone round your neck. Leave expensive jewellery behind and see your bank about having money transferred to your holiday location.

A SMALL first-aid box never comes amiss when you take the children away.

YOU like cups of tea or coffee at all sorts of times that hotels and guest houses don't allow for? Well, take the "makings" with a teapot or percolator and a small spirit stove.

BE early for trains, planes, and ships. Punctuality needn't necessarily be a weakness. It's better than getting ulcers.

TRAVEL light. Even the shortest journey can be a nightmare if you're continually worried about that extra case.

HAVE your hair trimmed and tidied before you go away. New hairdressers rarely "understand" your hair.

FOR the beach: take good sunglasses; eye-shields for sunbathing; a headrest; a good suntan lotion; an extra swimsuit (last year's will do); and a blue-bag for jelly-fish stings.

FOR campers: take a rug (the nights are often cold); always have one pair of dry shoes (dew can be heavy in the mornings); don't camp too near a river (there might be a sudden fresh); take an old tyre and cover it with canvas for a washing-up dish.

ON family holidays in a caravan or rented house, make out a roster for daily chores. Mum needs a rest, too.

DON'T go away with a friend whose "little ways" get on your nerves at the best of times. Minor irritations have a habit of becoming major ones on holidays.

IF you're holidaying alone, assume a slight aura of mystery. From the moment you set out, push everyday life into the back of your mind. Don't volunteer information about yourself. Wait until you're asked point blank.

DON'T make a bosom friend of the first person you meet. There's nothing so frustrating as being stuck with one person when you're dying to talk to someone else.

MAKE at least one good holiday resolution. Smoke less, for instance. You're bound to overeat, anyway.

DON'T overdress or underdress. Be neat and tidy, even if you're wearing your oldest clothes, and you won't be out of place in any company.

TAKE one good book, the kind you can pick up whenever you have a quiet moment. Travel, biography, or collections of short stories are just the thing.

IF, after all your planning, you do happen to find yourself on the wrong type of holiday, make the best of it. Determination to enjoy yourself is the only way out of this fix.



Kelvinator presents



The Aristocrat of Refrigerators

Giving you cold, *clear-to-the-floor*, this pinnacle of refrigeration design and engineering . . . the new Kelvinator model NHC . . . gives you *everything!* Every precept of beauty . . . every feature that modern living demands . . . every assurance of a lifetime of dependability. Built dimensionally in line with today's preference for the compact, it still gives a generous 7 cubic feet of fully refrigerated storage. Designed by Nash-Kelvinator, America, and Manufactured by Kelvinator Australia Limited.

With these exciting new features



POWERED BY THE MIGHTY
"Polarsphere"
HERMETICALLY SEALED UNIT



The full-width freezing chest houses big ice-block, ice-cream making capacity, with full measure for frozen-food storage.



Deep, full-width Crisper gives more than ever moist storage to keep fruit and vegetables garden-crisp.



Door shelves provide convenient, completely accessible cold storage for smaller, often-used items.



The extra-wide meat chilling tray gives extra space, evenly refrigerated, for meat cuts and fish which require that little extra cold.

CHECK UP — YOU'LL CHOOSE

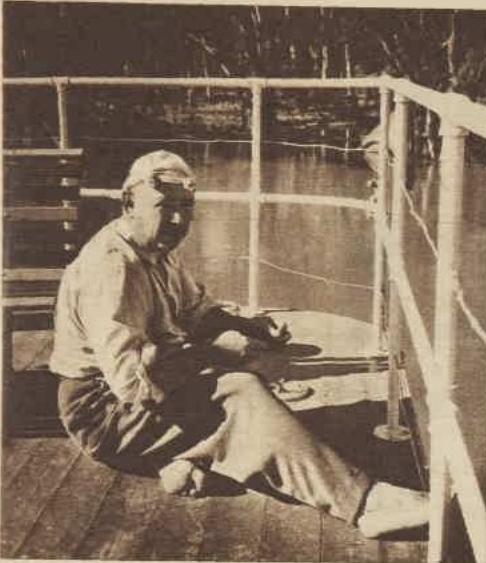
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Page 14

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 18, 1953

Down the Murray by river boat



CAPTAIN JACK SEARLES, master of the passenger steamer Wanera, which cruises on the Murray, loves the river life.



LUXURY STEAMER Coonawarra, one of three boats now cruising on the Murray, on one of her trips. Coonawarra has accommodation for 42 passengers. People from all over Australia come to the Murray to spend a holiday on the river.

Old paddlewheelers run luxury trips on romantic waterway

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

A trip in one of three holiday paddle steamers now operating on the Murray is a trip into the romantic days of the past, when Hovell, Hume, and Sturt explored the great waterway and Captain Francis Cadell navigated the river in his flat-bottomed steamer, Lady Augusta.

THE Murray River, which rises in the Snowy Mountains on the border of New South Wales and Victoria and flows 2310 miles westward, past historic towns and station homesteads, to its outlet in Lake Alexandrina, S.A., attracts people from all over the Commonwealth.

The navigation of the Murray in the 1850's by Cadell and others made possible the early era of the river steamers, which changed the whole character of the valley and foreshadowed its present prosperity.

With the coming of the steamers, settlers no longer had to depend on bullock drays for communication with the cities; they had a reliable boat service which brought them fresh food, provided regular transport for their wool, and even carried luxury items, like pictures and musical instruments.

Travel easier

WOMEN, especially, felt the change. Travel to and from river areas lost its terrors. Itinerant dressmakers, too, were able to go up and down the river bringing fashion books of the current city styles to their clients, and retailing gossip as they sewed.

The river town of Echuca was the second port in Victoria then, and more cargo passed through Wentworth than any other New South Wales port except Sydney.

Wanera, a brightly decorated steamer with 16 cabins and accommodation for 26 passengers, cruises 300 miles downstream from Mildura, Victoria, and back. She leaves Monday mornings and returns Friday evenings.

Coonawarra, owned by Murray Valley Coaches, has accommodation for 42 people and makes a five-day trip between the South Australian towns Renmark and Waikerie. She is fitted with luxury cabins and staterooms.

Merle, owned by R. W. Bowhey, of Murray Bridge, also cruises on the South Australian section of the river. She plies between Murray Bridge and Lake Alexandrina, the round trip taking five days.

I boarded the Wanera at Mildura and was welcomed by the skipper, sun-tanned Captain Jack Searles, aged 57,

who began steering river boats at the age of four and has never been really happy away from them.

"The river's just in my blood," he told me as we pulled out of Mildura.

Mildura, now a rich fruit-growing area famous for its dried fruits, owes its prosperity to irrigation, first planned and developed in the 1880's by Canadian brothers George and William Chaffey.

Mate of Wanera, 75-year-old Captain Ern Randall, still remembers those years when river ports like Mildura were crowded with shipping and the Murray was a highway of trade.

Wanera, which began carrying passengers last July, was one of four cargo vessels built at Echuca 53 years ago.

Captain Searles, who runs Wanera in partnership with his wife, bought the hull of the steamer 14 years ago.

"We installed a steam plant and used her for hauling timber round Mildura," the captain said. "Then she lay idle for a couple of years before I had her fitted with diesel engines. We operated between Mildura and Morgan, carrying wool, spirits, and dried fruits."

Captain Searles began fitting Wanera for passengers last New Year's Day. Mrs. Searles took over the clerical side of the business and now manages the booking office in Mildura. She does not go on trips with her husband because she thinks river life is lazy.

Downstream from Wentworth Wanera and other steamers have to pass through locks when the river is low.

The steamer enters the lock by a gate, which is then closed. Pressure from the main stream outside forces the water in the lock to rise, and when it is deep enough a gate at the other end is opened and the boat steams out again.

Wanera, which began carrying passengers last July, was one of four cargo vessels built at Echuca 53 years ago.

Captain Searles, who runs Wanera in partnership with his wife, bought the hull of the steamer 14 years ago.

One of these traders is

Rothbury, a cargo boat with a story.

"In the old days," Captain Searles told me, "the owners of Rothbury and South Australis, a sister ship, had a terrific argument about the merits of the two craft. Finally they settled it with a tug-of-war between the two ships on the Darling at Bourke. That's how they did things 50 years ago."

Among the historic sheep stations which Wanera passes are Cowra station, owned now by Mr. Roy Crozier, whose family settled there 100 years ago, and Moorna station, which has a river frontage of 50 miles. Near Moorna station is Moorna Reach, the shallowest part of the river, where the old trading boats found navigation very difficult.

Ned's Corner

OPPOSITE Moorna station is another big sheep property, Ned's Corner, which runs 25,000 sheep.

We visited the rambling homestead and met former champion buckjumper, 78-year-old Pete Sullivan.

"Running down kangaroos on horseback was Pete's favorite sport," said overseer Mr. Walter Osborne, who has been at Ned's Corner since 1910.

Just beyond Morgan, S.A., lies the rocky Cadell Reef and the Cadell settlement named in honor of Captain Cadell, who discovered the reef on his history-making voyage up the Murray.

This year marks the centenary of Captain Cadell's navigation of the Murray and the inauguration of the river steamers. Older people are looking back to the great days when the inland ports along the banks were bound to one another by a sense of Murray Valley unity. Those with their eyes on the future hope that the next 100 years will see traders sailing to and from a huge port which they believe should be built at Lake Alexandrina, where the Murray meets the sea.



MOORNA STATION, historic property on the banks of the Murray near Moorna Reach, which is the shallowest part of the river. The station has a river frontage of 50 miles.

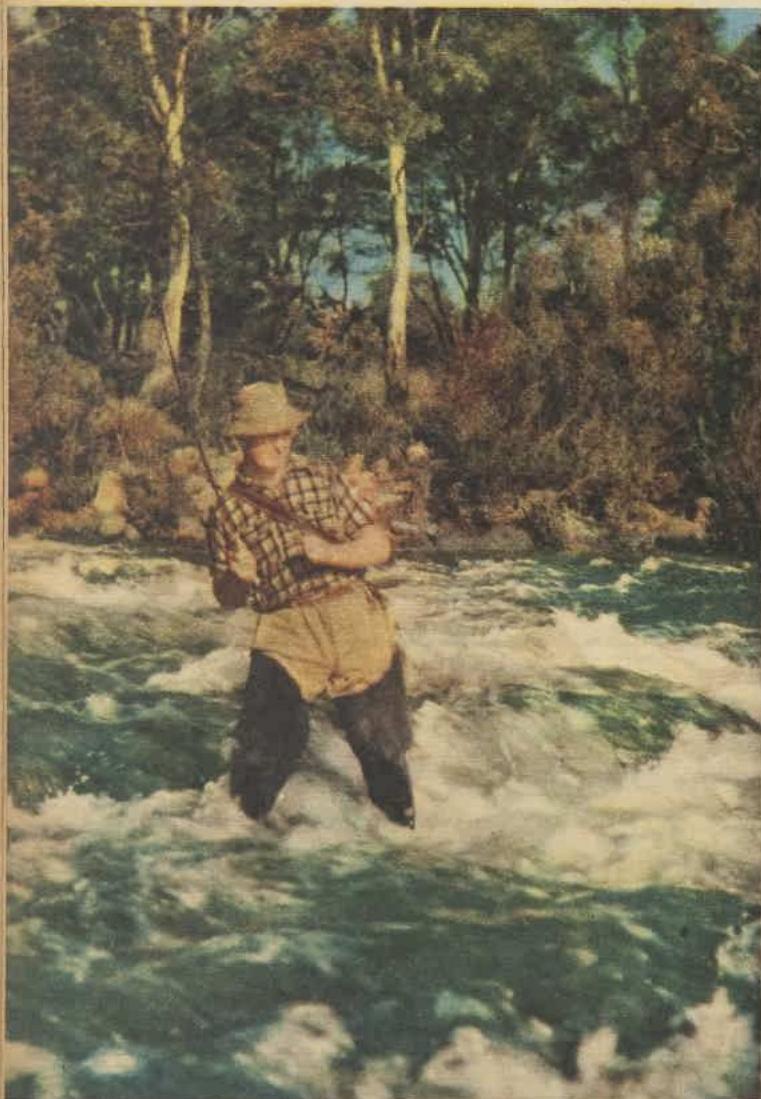
Holiday time throughout Australia



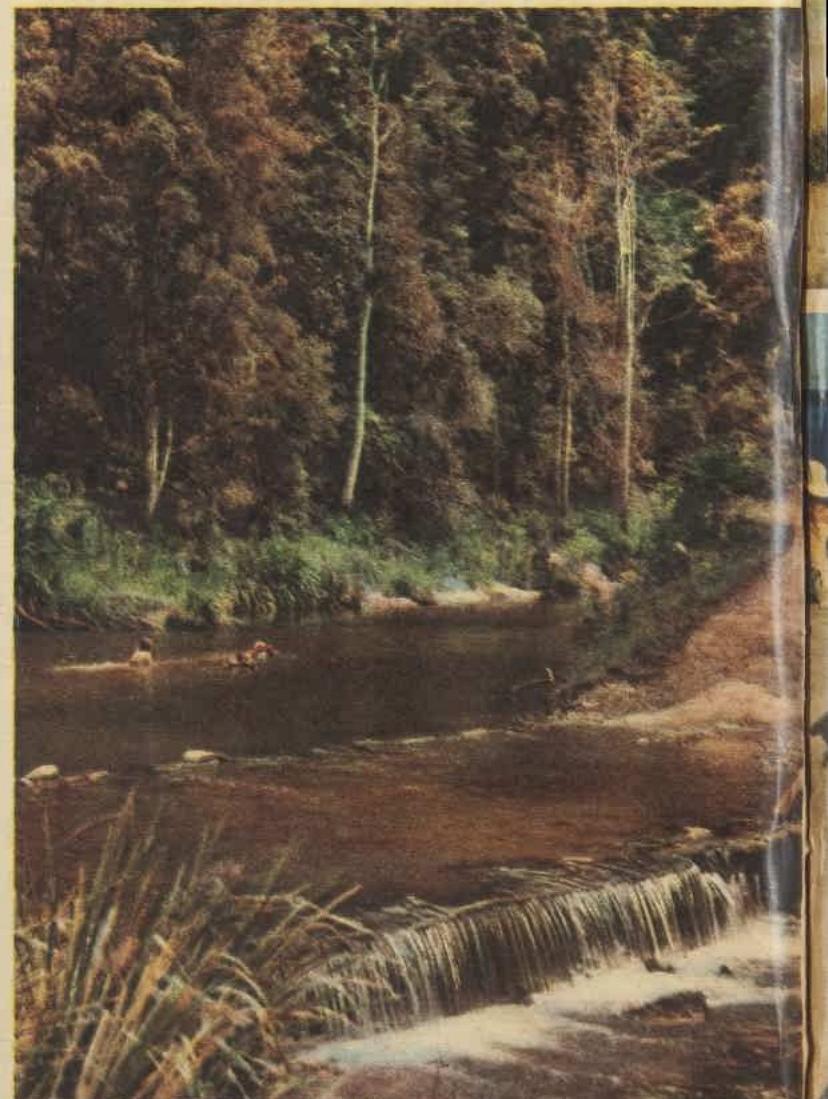
LAWNS AND GARDENS fringe the weir at the lonely No. 1 Lock of the River Murray at Blanchetown, South Australia, 84 miles from Adelaide. Swimming is popular and fish are plentiful in the lock. The Murray Valley, from Albury, N.S.W., border town, to Adelaide, is a favorite tourist route for most of the year.



PELICANS play in the water at low tide on Caloundra Beach, about 40 miles north of Brisbane, in Moreton Bay. A popular holiday beach resort, the Glasshouse Mountains, farther inland, add to the attractions there.



FISHING THE SHANNON RISE. In December fishermen come from all over Australia and from overseas to fish the Shannon, which runs into the Great Lakes, central Tasmania. Trout fishing is one of Tasmania's greatest tourist attractions, and tourists in turn provide one of the island State's main sources of revenue.



DEEP, COOL WATERHOLES of the Bellinger River, on the far north coast of New South Wales, inland from Nambucca Heads, attract picnic parties from farms and towns of the district and visitors camping or motoring up the coast road to Queensland. Views of the beach and river mouth with its sandbanks are superb.

In thousands of Australian homes camping and sports gear is being prepared for the Christmas holidays.

Each State has a wonderful list of tourist resorts.

Many hikers will make for Tasmania to do the popular Central Walk from Lake St. Clair to Burnie, with beautiful scenery, trout fishing, and sailing as the attractions.

Summer holidays in Victoria may be spent at Lorne or Westernport, or high in the mountains at Donna Buang, as well as at the bayside resorts near Melbourne.

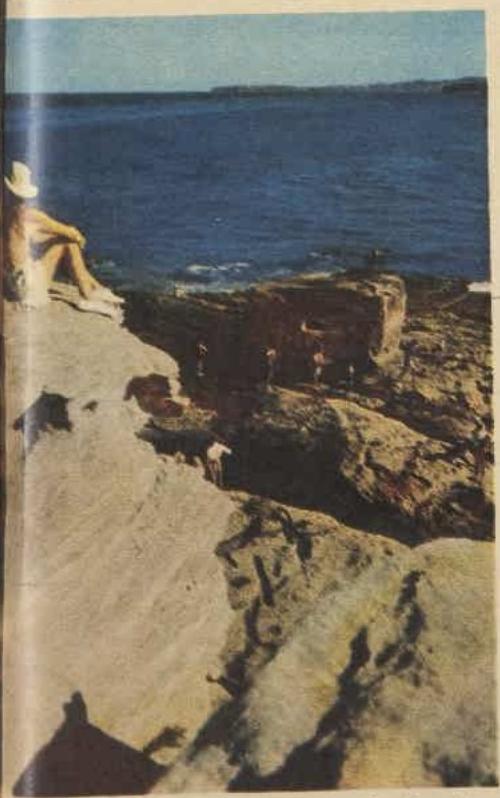
Port Lincoln and Victor Harbor are seaside resorts of Adelaide, and Mt. Gambier, 289 miles from the city, is cool in summer.

In Perth air services connect the city with Rottnest Island.

Thousands will spend holidays on the beautiful New South Wales coast, from the game-fishing areas of the south to the far north. Still farther north the lovely white beaches continue as part of Queensland's coastal playgrounds.



NAMBUPCA HEADS. The shallow, horse-shoe beach delights artists who specialise in painting sea and river scenes at their best on this section of the coast. At certain tides fish are trapped in rock pools and have been caught in hundreds.



ROCK FISHING and pottering about in the tide pools are popular on this rock shelf at the northern end of Sydney's most famous surfing beach, Bondi, where tens of thousands swim every summer weekend and holiday.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



CAMP WASHING DAY beside a Victorian creek which provides bathing and laundry facilities, and a cool place to pitch a tent. The scene is repeated thousands of times throughout Australia all through the summer while long, carefree days fly past.



CAIRNS, NORTH QUEENSLAND, where cloud-wreathed mountains rise behind the town. Because of the danger of sharks in Trinity Bay, there is little swimming in open water, but picnic parties sail and fish at Machin's Beach.

Page 17

Your birthdays
never, never show
when you're wearing

MISS SEVENTEEN
JUNIOR FOUNDATIONS



Trimly fashioned for junior figures of all ages, your Miss Seventeen girdle is action loving, figure firming, and light as a whisper. Its own special magic is "Power Miracle" the cool, non-run wonder mesh that stretches in both directions for delightful figure discipline. In three simple sizes — Small, Medium and Large — to take care of 22 in. to 28 in. waists.

8041: With gaily embrodered front panel stitched in a range of soft pastel colours. Daintily frilled at the hem. White or tea rose. Girdles and pantie girdles Approx. price 34/6

9171: Matching uplift satin bra, lace trimmed. White or tea rose, sizes 32-38. Approx. price 16/6

FASHIONED BY *La Mode*

AT ALL LEADING STORES

YOUTH SERIES by Kay McLean

Summer romances

Holiday romances are wonderful. They ought to happen more often to more people. But like all the best fun they're not meant to be taken seriously.

If you sniff contemptuously that you're not interested in romance, that all you want this summer holiday is a rest, you're either fooling yourself or there's something seriously wrong with you.

This attitude just isn't natural in anyone young.

To anyone older a holiday can mean simply leisure, a period of bliss induced by the fact that the clock doesn't count and there's no obligation to be interested in anything or interesting to anyone.

But to anyone truly young, wanting to rest on a holiday will seem to rise from the sour and sorry negativism that settles on people along with corns, grey hair, and parenthood.

What you'll want is a gay time—something right out of this bouncy-punching world and into the realm of travel posters — the land of excitement, adventure, romance.

The only time this voyage is an easy express trip is when you meet *The Girl Or The Boy*; and it can happen in midwinter in pouring rain right beside your own front door.

Meeting *The One* is as unlikely on a holiday as winning a triple lottery, and it happens only just often enough to prevent people saying that it never does.

So don't expect a bonanza this summer vacation.

On the other hand there's nothing to stop anyone hoping and planning for a gay time with a few new dazzling boys or girls.

No matter how carefully you plan, there'll still be an element of luck. Just as some fishermen can go out in a stream teeming with fish and never get a nibble, so perhaps with you. But there's no sense

A COUPLE of months ago I mentioned the initial release of two numbers from the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, "Carousel." A further disc is now available, again with Frank Sinatra — the "Soliloquy," in which the shirtless hero muses on the future of his child. It won't be a hit-parader for the simple reason that it's too good! The music is full of subtle rhythms in minor key and is reminiscent of the beautiful "Younger Than Springtime," which, although written for "Carousel," ended up in "South Pacific." Lyrics are poignant but strong, and Sinatra really proves his status as an artist. I recommend this 12-inch disc (DON104) unreservedly to

those who want something really unusual and fine.

* * *

AS a further reminder that Christmas is almost here is Miss Rosemary Clooney on DO3597 singing "Suey Snowflake" coupled with "The Night Before Christmas," two quaint little songs that should delight the kiddies and bring a festive air into the home. On the latter side, Rose has yet another new partner, cowboy star Gene Autry.

* * *

A NUMBER that might have been inspired by actress June Haver (almost!)

is "Crying in the Chapel," a slice of religioso that will either "get you" or bring on an attack of acute embarrassment. Give it a spin on DO70054 and determine your type. Red Alien is the artist.

The coupling, "Knockin' on the Door," is a ditty in Western style.

* * *

JO STAFFORD also draws

a new partner for her latest number on DO3595, our old pal Nelson Eddy. They merge splendidly. One is the unforgettable oldie, "Till We Meet Again," and the other is the big hit, "With These Hands," a double that should appeal to almost everybody.

* * *

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

funny as it sounds. Many a holiday has been ruined by going some place overrun with older people—not necessarily the Mums and Dads of the world, but the hard-livers whose idea of a good time approximates a *Lost Weekend*.

Let's say you've gone to the right place, have the right clothes, have even met *The One*.

Stop and think for a bit.

Holiday romances happen to other people. This applies even when one of the people is you.

You see, this you isn't the real you. The holiday person is someone else altogether.

This isn't you who is so easy going, full of fun and smart patter. In your everyday life you're rather less than this wonderful person.

Just as you're not you, so he (or she) isn't quite the dreamboat you think.

Back home you might find that he or she isn't even your sort of person. And though you'll hate admitting having had such a lapse in judgment, you'll get round to it sooner or later.

The best idea is to make the most of holiday romance while it lasts.

It's a diet of sunshine and spun sugar, whereas there's a good deal of dull vitamins and bread and butter for the rest of the year. But sunshine and spun sugar once a year is no more than the due of every sweet-and-twenty.

If he's not necessarily *The One*, if she hasn't exactly set you dreaming of a home built for two, but you do want to carry the romance over when you're back home, put in the foundation before you regrettably pack for the return trip.

A man can always phone a girl. A girl will find that those snapshots of everybody he will want to see are one of the most logical and discreet restarters on the home ground.

DISC DIGEST

those who want something really unusual and fine.

* * *

AS a further reminder that Christmas is almost here is Miss Rosemary Clooney on DO3597 singing "Suey Snowflake" coupled with "The Night Before Christmas," two quaint little songs that should delight the kiddies and bring a festive air into the home. On the latter side, Rose has yet another new partner, cowboy star Gene Autry.

* * *

A NUMBER that might have been inspired by actress June Haver (almost!)

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

Roughing it in comfort outback

By Joyce Bowden, staff reporter

Increasing numbers of people are spending holidays in Central Australia enjoying the contrast in scenery and surroundings there compared with those of more ordinary jaunts to beach or mountain resorts.

ORGANISED tours bring hundreds of holiday-makers to Alice Springs every year. Winter is the ideal time for a holiday in The Centre.

To accommodate some of the sightseers, two young Americans who have adopted Central Australia as their home run a comfortably fitted tourist court.

They are Ned and Margaret Carmichael, both of whom served in the U.S. Marine Corps during the war.

Ned is a graduate of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College and Margaret is a graduate of Pittsburg College, Pennsylvania.

After the war, Ned decided he wanted to raise cattle. On an impulse he found out all he could about Australia and conditions here.

Central Australia was the kind of country he thought he would like to live in most, so he and his wife migrated.

To gain experience they answered an advertisement for a station hand and cook at a station near Alice Springs.

They found they would need more capital than they had anticipated to establish or buy a cattle station.

So, as Ned's family in Florida, U.S.A., had run one of the biggest tourist courts in the country and he had had experience in this business, they decided to provide accommodation for visitors to Alice Springs.

Two tents were the extent of their project for a start.

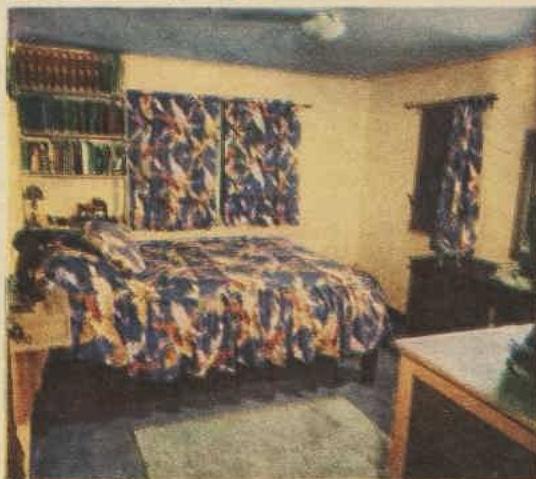
In a land where amenities for the traveller are few, the comfortable prefabricated cabins with smoothed paving-stone flooring, louvered windows, lounge and dining room, and bathroom with a hot-water service are true havens.

They have visions of transforming the court into a real paradise—as is done in America—and to add a swimming-pool.

Ned has not forgotten his ambition to raise cattle. He says he will do that one day, as well as run his tourist court.



CARMICHAEL'S TOURIST COURT. Visitors to Central Australia find holiday accommodation in these scattered cabins nestled in the valley surrounded by hills two-and-a-half miles out of the town of Alice Springs.



CABIN FOR TWO. This cabin is designed for a married couple who wish to do their own holiday housekeeping. A compact kitchenette, with a small cylinder gas cooker, makes it self-contained.



SINGLE ACCOMMODATION. A bed-sitting-room with screened louvers to allow a maximum of air on hot summer nights makes comfort the keynote. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



MINE HOST. Ned Carmichael, who strongly resembles Bing Crosby, is a colorful figure in his jeans, tartan shirt, and outside Stetson. Ned and Margaret are enthusiastic about their new life out here.



MAIN BLOCK OF THE COURT. Ned Carmichael stands by the split rail fence outside the entrance of the court, built in American mission style. The main dining-room, the centre of activity, is supervised by Margaret.



THE NEW
COTY
deodorant
TALC
...gives fragrant
head-to-toe protection*

The new Coty Talc, with the amazing G 11 ingredient, gives all-over body protection—something underarm deodorants cannot possibly give. Now, in one simple after-bath operation, the pleasures of a smooth, cool, beautifully perfumed talc can be enjoyed at the same time as complete freedom from any development of perspiration odours.



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In 5 distinguished perfumes

*Smooth, cool, beautifully perfumed talc.
PLUS the miracle G 11 ingredient.
DOES NOT CONTAIN CHLOROPHYLL.

A magnificent "say". If you're budget-conscious—and who isn't?—you'll welcome the thought that you need pay so little for this dual-purpose talc deodorant. No need for separate purchases of costly "sticky" liquids and messy creams!

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

OUR £2500 CONTEST

£5 progress awards in four sections

The first winners of £5 progress awards in the three written sections of our fascinating Happy Marriage Contest and a £5 progress award winner in the photographic section are published on this page.

THEY were selected from the thousands of entries which have already been received. Each post brings hundreds more.

Here are the details of the four sections in the contest:

1. Best advice to married couples from anybody.
2. Best advice for husbands from a wife.
3. Best advice to wives from a husband.
4. Most charming wedding-group picture.

In reply to the many inquiries we have received from widows and widowers, we inform them they are eligible to enter Sections 2 and 3 although their marriage partners are no longer living.

Entrants in Section 4, the most charming wedding-group picture, should make clear their relationship to the bride and the bridegroom shown in the photograph.

This section is proving tremendously popular, and we already have in hand many delightful pictures. If you have a photograph of your wedding or of the wedding of your parents or of your grandparents, enter it in the contest. There is £2500 in cash prizes to be won.

CONTEST RULES

ADDRESS your entries to "Happy Marriage Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by a separate coupon. The coupon is published on this page.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry. Write on one side of the paper only.

Written entries may be as short as you like, but should not exceed 250 words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries in the written sections will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be

THE PRIZES

The prizemoney of £2500 in our Happy Marriage Contest is made up as follows:

- £1000 for the best entry in the contest.
- £250 each for the best entry in the four sections. Total £1000.
- £50 each for the second best entry in the sections. Total £200.
- £25 each for the third best entry in the sections. Total £100.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10, £5, and £1 for entries published during the course of the contest. Total £200.

GRAND TOTAL £2500.

entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Finalists of sections two, three, and four will be asked to sign an affidavit of eligibility.

SECTION WINNERS

HERE are the winners of the £5 progress awards in the three written sections:

SECTION 1. BEST ADVICE TO MARRIED COUPLES FROM ANYBODY

AFTER 13 years of married life I would say that a happy marriage, like everything else we cherish in this world, is something that just does not happen.

It has to be fostered and worked for continuously and the most essential ingredient in a happy partnership is respect for each other.

Sometimes we need a sense of humor to get by, sometimes we need comfort in times of trouble and illness, sometimes we need fun to give us a boost, but always we need respect for each other.

And it is so easy to let respect slip away.

A sharp word when we are tired, intolerance of the other partner's views, determination to win an argument; all such



£5 PROGRESS PRIZE in our Happy Marriage Contest is awarded this week to Mrs. Barbara Donkin, 8 Fox Street, Lane Cove, N.S.W., for this picture of her wedding to Leading-Writer Peter S. Donkin, R.N., at St. Barnabas' Church, Roseville, Sydney, in December, 1951. The little flower-girl is Lyn Williams, of Bondi.

SECTION 3. BEST ADVICE FOR WIVES FROM A HUSBAND

EVERY wife should allow for the fundamental psychological differences between a man and a woman. She should not expect her husband to be constantly demonstrative, for instance, as this is not a masculine trait and has little to do with how a man feels.

The average man's attitude to his wife in normal circumstances is somewhat vague and detached, but when he thinks about it he knows that she is of the utmost importance in his life and he would be broken-hearted if he lost her.

A man loves his wife to be a real helpmate and this is her natural role. A wife should intelligently share her husband's main interests and allow few, if any, activities to take precedence over this.

It is most important that the wife should create the right atmosphere in her marriage and in the home, so that the husband feels:

1. That his wife is moving with him towards a common objective.

2. That his wife can be relied upon to understand him and his needs and act accordingly.

3. That his wife loves him and shares his enjoyment of their physical relations.

4. That his marriage is not an oppressive bondage.

5. That he is the dominant partner who makes the final decisions.

6. That his home is a haven of love and comfort, is tidy and provides appetising food.

7. That he is valued for himself more than the money he provides.

A husband with these convictions is a happy husband.

£5 progress award to John Henry Newson, 572 St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne.

HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST

November 18, 1953. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. (This does not apply to Section 4).

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

Signature _____
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (block letters) _____

State _____

Visit by famous U.S. woman pilot

America's foremost woman flier, Jacqueline Cochran, who is now visiting Australia, says although she has broken the sound barrier seven times, she still gets a "funny feeling" each time she does it. "It's as if gremlins were dancing on the wings," she explained.

SUNTANNED, blond, and attractive Jacqueline Cochran was the first woman in the world to break the sound barrier. It was "thrilling" the first time she did it, she said on her arrival in Sydney.

"I've been through the sound barrier five times wearing a special anti-gravity suit and twice without it. It's quite an experience."

Miss Cochran is a woman of great personality and charm.

Smartly clad in a beige tailored suit, she greeted interviewers with a firm, strong handclasp from a capable, brown hand.

Miss Cochran, who was invited to Australia by Mrs. Nancy Walton, president of the Australian Women Pilots' Association, will look into the status of women in aviation.

She has been on a tour of Japan and South-east Asia, and will report, when she returns home, to the U.S. Civil Air Patrol on the possibility of sponsoring squadrons in Japan.

She laughed heartily when asked whether breaking the sound barrier took years off her life.

"Heavens, no. It's just an exciting experience," she said. "Anyway, look at me. I'm wearing pretty well."

Asked whether she had ever been scared in the air, she replied: "Of course, but usually I've been too busy to worry about it until later."

"And I've never had to bail out or make a parachute jump yet, although I've been in some tight spots."

Although I've been scared, I've never felt uncertain about myself. I guess I started life the hard way, with so little that things can never be worse than they have been."

Married in 1936

JACQUELINE COCHRAN has been happily married since 1936 to Floyd Odlum, whose investment empire is reportedly worth \$30,000,000 dollars.

She is an eminently successful businesswoman herself, in addition to holding 10 world air speed records.

She runs three cosmetic and perfume companies ("Wings to Beauty" is a trademark), has a luggage business and several farm properties, and also distributes films overseas.

To keep track of all these enterprises she flies her own twin-engined Lockheed Lodestar on business trips.

Despite her prowess in a man's world, Jacqueline Cochran is very nearly the opposite of the usual notion of a career woman.

She is neither bluff and hearty nor athletic, and she has retained the soft feminine charm of her native American South.



LEADING AMERICAN PILOT JACQUELINE COCHRAN.

She started life with two strikes against her, as the Americans say.

Born in Pensacola, Florida, she was orphaned at the age of four and went to live with a poor family.

By the time she was 11 she was working for one and a half dollars (approx. A10/-) a week in a beauty shop. By 13 she was on her way as a fully fledged beauty operator.

In the next 10 years she graduated as a nurse and worked for a country doctor in the American South. Finally she landed in New York as a cosmetician in a department store.

During a holiday in 1932 Miss Cochran decided to use some of her savings to learn to fly.

She started lessons on a Saturday. By the Monday she had soloed. Seventeen days later she had a pilot's licence.

Not long afterward she began competing in air races.

Her first racing laurels came in 1937 when she won first place in the women's division of the Bendix Trophy race from California to Ohio. The next year she beat the field of nine men fliers to win the event's first prize of \$12,500 dollars.

Miss Cochran's war record earned her America's Distinguished Service Medal and the rank of lieutenant-colonel as commander of the Women's Air Force Service Pilots.

In post-war competition flying she broke many speed records for both propeller-driven and jet aircraft. At one time she held both men's and women's records for the 15, 100, and 500 kilometre closed-course distances in jet planes. She has since lost the men's 15 and 100.

By a special reporter

In prop-driven planes she holds six speed marks.

But her proudest flying achievement was in cracking the sound barrier last May.

Telling the story of her experience, she wrote that when she plunged her Canadian-built F-86 Sabre jet into a power dive from 48,000 feet, the altimeter was spinning so fast it couldn't be read.

Over the radio microphone she counted the changes in her Mach meter (the instrument that measures speed in relation to the speed of sound).

"Mach 0.96 . . . 0.97 . . .

"At about Mach 0.98, one wing dipped suddenly and dug in. Just as suddenly it reversed its dip and the other wing began to dig. The nose tried to tuck under for what, if unchecked, would have become an outside loop.

"All this was due to the fact that various parts of the plane were meeting the speed of sound at different moments.

"Mach 0.99 . . . Mach 1! I had reached the speed of sound.

"The shock waves rolled over the plane and off the canopy. They sometimes look like rain when atmospheric conditions are right. Conditions were right during my first dive and I saw shock waves.

"Mach 1.01 . . . Mach 1.02 . . . and finally up to 1.05. The air was smooth now. I pulled out of my dive and, as I slowed down, passed back through the sound barrier. It was just as turbulent as before.

In remake suit

"FINALLY, at 18,000 feet, I levelled off, my special anti-gravity suit (remade to fit female contours) protecting me from the pressures which, at that speed, threatened to pull me or the plane—or both—apart.

"The plane seemed happy to be out of the sound waves and I was happy to have had an unforgettable new experience."

She said it was doubtful whether any country in the world would ever employ women as airline pilots.

"Although women can fly as well as men, they are not a financial proposition to airlines companies," she explained.

"It costs so much to train a commercial pilot from the start until graduation as a company captain that the risk that women will leave their job to get married is too great."

Miss Cochran said it would cost 100,000 dollars (A£42,000) to train a woman to her standard.

She probably would not fly herself about in Australia.

"I am just as happy to take an airline plane when I'm visiting a foreign country," she said. "It is necessary to know a great deal about each type of plane before you fly it."

"But, of course, if someone comes along with a Lockheed Lodestar or a Beechcraft and says, 'Here, have a flip, how can I resist it?'"

MORE Australian Women BUY... Modess

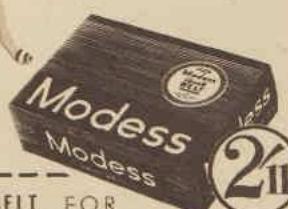
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Surveys show that more Australian women buy Modess than all other sanitary napkins.

Soft as a cloud, yet so reassuringly safe! The secret of every Modess is the full-length Safety shield designed to give you perfect peace of mind.



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SANTA CLAUS WAS HERE...

Hoover Triple-Action Model 612 (shown here) £35/13/- Cleaning Tools £6/10/- Other Hoovers, including cylinder cleaner from £29/13/- Low down-payment, easy monthly terms.

WHAT'S more fitting than for the jolly old gentleman (who sometimes forgets to wipe his feet) to leave her a beautiful new Hoover?

Isn't that just what she's been waiting for, wishing for, hinting for—to make it oh-so-easy to preserve the life and beauty of her costly rugs and furnishings?

Yes, leave it to Santa to know what women want most. Delivering new Hoovers is a habit with him—because—

of the eleven million Hoovers that have been sold—over two million have been for Christmas!

P.S. for would-be Santas: She'll bless you for your decision—Give her a Hoover and you give her the best.

P.S. for the ladies: It may help you to leave this magazine—opened to this page—on his favourite easy chair.

Hoover... the world's oldest and largest manufacturer of electric cleaners.

*at Christmas Time
(and forever afterward)*
she'll be happier with

a Hoover



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1955

Beware of
"dry skin"—
it adds years
to your
real age!

Drying skin often begins to show after 25, because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

But in Australia, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties. Our severe climate can make you look as many as ten years older than your real age.

Watch out for trouble spots—dark patches. Use a special emollient to offset the drying out of your skin's natural oil by age and the Australian climate. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Give extra attention to trouble-spots—this way:



That Matronly-looking Sagging shows along your chin-line.

To Tone Up—"Pinch along" chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream to give skin rich lubrication.



Cross-cross lines under eyes will smoothen them in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To smooth—Cream over those dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream extra effective for dry skin. Rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; contains a special emulsifier for extra softening; Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings that gloriously smooth, young look to your skin. The Princess Murat says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings my skin softening help immediately." PD34

'SAFEGUARD MY SMILE WITH A 'WISDOM' TOOTHBRUSH'
says
Jerry Dear
Director of "Australia's Amateur Hour"

Cherub shoes
for children
AT ALL
GOOD STORES

HAS YOUR CHILD
GOT WORMS?
Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disturbance, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking
COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



"Why are we having dinner in the dining-room, Mum?"



"Oh, all right, Butch. You work on the wall safe and I'll ransack the chest of drawers."



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Says Jenkyn



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It's the golden virginia blend of tobaccos, skilfully selected and firmly packed, that put KENSITAS in the lead among fine English cigarettes. Their extra size and extra quality turn pleasure into delight.



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Kensitas CIGARETTES MADE IN ENGLAND

Kensitas Extra Size

EXTRA QUALITY PLAIN OR CORKTIP

* * * * *

Page 23

It seems to me

AT this late stage there has been discussion about the possible strain placed on the Queen by the heavy itinerary of the Royal tour.

British Members of Parliament expressed the hope that Her Majesty would have adequate rest. Commenting, the Australian Minister in Charge of the Royal Tour, Mr. Eric Harrison, said the Commonwealth Government would do everything possible for her comfort.

The itinerary is a very heavy one. It includes 10,000 miles of flying within Australia, and what appears to be a wearisome and repetitive list of engagements.

Of the 57 days the Queen will be in Australia she will have seven days and nights free, 11 afternoons and mornings, and 18 evenings.

There isn't any doubt that she will find it tiring. No human being could find it otherwise.

The average woman, thinking about such a tour, reflects that the Queen will be spared the common annoyances of travel. She does not, for instance, have to pack, to fill in forms, or to wonder whether a dress will be back from the cleaners in time!

More than offsetting those advantages is the fact that the Queen can never relax in public. Her face can never fall into a frown. She cannot say, "I'm just too tired to go this afternoon to the children's rally."

It is one of the Queen's charms that she makes her Royal duties seem pleasurable. That is a talent which she inherits from her parents and grandparents.

PROBLEMS for the modern parent—instruction-of-the-young department:

A seven-year-old boy I know has a father and mother who believe in answering his questions frankly. Consequently he accepted the arrival of a new baby in the light of already acquired knowledge.

What did puzzle him was a gift book with a stork on the cover. What was a stork? And why did it carry a baby in a bundle?

The parents found that harder to convey to the seven-year-old mind than anything they'd told him so far.

* * *

COMPLAINTS about lack of courtesy are common nowadays—probably always were—and a friend reports an incident that throws an interesting light on the subject.

She was in a homeward-bound tram whose conductor, collecting fares, said "Thank you, sir," and "Thank you, madam," in a loud, clear voice to every passenger. The whole tram load became fascinated by this remarkable politeness and a hush fell, a hush which was right on the edge of a fit of giggles.

"Wonder if he'll keep it up," said one man to another. "Get himself in the newspapers if he's not careful," remarked the other joyfully.

My friend, who gave the conductor her best smile for the occasion, finds it very discouraging that common politeness should be so amusing.

RUMORS about the effects of Sir Winston Churchill's illness are dispelled by his recent speeches in the Commons.

Sir Winston is an old man, and it isn't likely that he is as vigorous as he was 20 years ago. But whatever age and illnesses have done to him, they have not affected his capacity for speechmaking.

Not only are his phrases as sonorous and apt as ever, but he still has the capacity for reminding his listeners of plain facts.

Speaking of international tensions he said: "The only really sure guide to the actions and moods of nations and powerful governments is an accurate estimate of what are and what they consider to be their own interests."

He was speaking of Russia, and his speech on the whole struck a hopeful note. Sir Winston, in his old age, has given way neither to the acute pessimism nor the vague optimism which are sometimes characteristic of advancing years. He knows the facts of international life.

* * *

REACTIONS of people who win big sums in lotteries, football pools, and what are so oddly called "interstate consultations" provide a continual source of interest.

There are the more commonplace displays such as jumping up and down and shouting, kissing people near at hand, or bursting into tears. These are all very natural, but now and then a winner strikes a more original note.

I particularly liked the Sydney man who won £15,000 last week. When told, he said: "I intend to remain calm."

The pent-up emotion in a statement like that reveals more excitement than throwing any number of hats in the air.

* * *

A PORTABLE prefabricated aluminium palace is being made in Britain for Prince Feisal, Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia. It can be packed on camels for the Prince to use when he goes hunting. Decorated with palm trees, it is lined with green to give it a Bedouin tent-like atmosphere.

Once on a time a sheik was a sheik
And the word made maidens quake
(They sometimes pronounced it to rhyme with
shriek,
Or, rather refined, as "shake.")

He was handsome and lived in a silken tent,
And his life was by no means dull.
A roving eye had this ravishing gent,
As described by E. M. Hull.

Now there was a lady whose books were sold!
How a million readers sighed!
But the sheiks of the desert, alas, grow cold,
They seem to have lost their pride.

The kind of sheik who would feel the need
Of a portable house, prefab,
Would never elope on his Arab steed—
He would ring for a taxi-cab!

three new

YARDLEY

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Tampico
makes warm-skinned
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always perfect for mid-brunettes
— and matches the
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heavenly for the
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Lovely colours — cunningly blended, delicately tinted, widely varied.

In the Yardley range of subtle flatters every woman under the sun can find the very one which was designed for her. 8/-

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Only the Cyma-Amic can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a treasured table time-piece at home. A twist of the wrist winds both alarm and precision 10-jewel movement ... the big sweep-hand sets your waking to the minute. Available also with a handsome leather travel case.

The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision.

CYMA AMIC



THIS DELIGHTFUL PICTURE from "The Story of the Sara Quads" shows the four children getting ready for their third birthday party in London. Alison (left) and Judith are combing Phillip's hair while Mark waits for his turn.

Story of Sara Quads in attractive gift book

To readers and their children who have followed the fortunes of the famous Sara Quadruplets since their birth three years ago, The Australian Women's Weekly is making a special Christmas book offer, "The Story of the Sara Quads."

WHEN the Sara Quads were born, their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, agreed to a proposal by The Australian Women's Weekly to look after the future of the four children.

As a result of this agreement, we have been able to give our readers, in stories and pictures, regular and intimate glimpses of Australia's only surviving quadruplets as they grew up from tiny, helpless babies into self-reliant, vigorous youngsters.

Now in one attractively presented book, readers can have a comprehensive record of the

children's first three years. "The Story of the Sara Quads," reasonably priced at 6/9, is an ideal Christmas gift for any child.

Hundreds of children, particularly small girls, all over Australia, who constantly write to us asking for pictures of Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark, will be delighted with this lavishly illustrated book.

Sixty pictures in color and black-and-white cover every stage of the Quads' development.

Many of the pictures are being published for the first time.

Birthday and Christmas celebrations and other big

moments in the Quads' lives are pictorially recorded as well as episodes from their everyday lives at home in Bellingen with their parents and their big brother, Geoffrey.

On the strikingly designed cover are the most charming color portraits of the Quads ever taken.

The story is written clearly and simply so that children can read it easily for themselves.

One chapter is devoted entirely to their biggest adventure so far, their trip to England.

Mothers will find the book interesting, too, as they read of Mrs. Sara's task in bringing up her quadruplets.



You can't tell it
from fresh milk

All the nourishing goodness of milk from the lush Hunter Valley—all the vitamins and minerals—are retained in Oak Powdered Milk. Only the water is removed. For drinking, cooking, and every purpose. With Oak Powdered Milk in your pantry you'll never run out of milk.



OAK POWDERED MILK



Cool
the blood
stream

Even during the difficult teething period, baby can be a picture of health if you use Steedman's famous Powders. Steedman's is a safe and gentle aperient which cools the blood stream and keeps baby regular in habits.

Write now to "Steedman," Box 1752, G.P.O., Melbourne for free booklet "Hints in Mothering."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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THE QUEEN'S LIFE STORY

This is the first instalment of a brilliant new series in which English author Margaret Saville gives an intimate and fascinating review of the life of the Queen, who leaves London on November 23 to begin the Royal tour. The author is already well known to our readers because of her delightful series on Royalty published earlier this year.

IT was April 21, 1926, a typical English spring day of pale sunshine and flurrying breezes. They blew round the little crowd which had gathered outside Number 17 Bruton Street, off Berkeley Square—a tall grey London town house since demolished by Nazi bombs.

It was the residence of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, and one of their daughters, the pretty little Duchess of York, who had been Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon before her marriage to the King's son, was expecting her first baby.

She was tremendously popular with the Londoners, who had taken almost personal pride in the romance of this young Royal couple.

Presently the door of the house opened and the butler came out to pin a notice on it. The crowd pressed round to read what the doctor had just written: "Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was safely delivered of a Princess . . ."

Murmurs of pleasure were heard and hands waved gaily as a fair-haired young man, quickly recognised as the Duke of York, looked out of the window for a moment.

Smiling, the proud new father returned the greeting, and a few hours later he was seen on the threshold as he welcomed his parents, King George V and Queen Mary, who had come to meet their grandchild.

She lay in a white-trimmed cradle and gazed up at them with blue eyes. "I want her to be called Elizabeth, after her mother," the Duke said.

She was christened in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, massed with white lilac and pink tulips and lily of the valley—"all so appropriate for a spring baby," as Queen Mary said.

The Archbishop of Canterbury sprinkled the little Princess with Jordan water from the silver-gilt lily font, and named her "Elizabeth Alexandra Mary" after her mother and two great queens.

The young Duke and Duchess of York were having a house at 145 Piccadilly renovated for their future home, but meanwhile they stayed at 17 Bruton Street. There they would go upstairs to the attic nursery after tea and help to bathe their baby and put her into her cot.

She threw well, her golden curls glistening in the summer sunshine as she was taken out in her navy-

blue pram to enjoy the air in Hyde Park. Now she was in the charge of Mrs. Knight, who had been the Duchess of York's own babyhood nurse and was known affectionately as "Alah."

One day the Duke of York went out with them and took a number of snapshots. These were to travel with him and his Duchess across the world, for in January, 1927, their Royal duties took them on a tour of Australia and New Zealand.

"I'll look after Elizabeth," Queen Mary promised, and so Princess Elizabeth went to Buckingham Palace for the next six months.

There she had the same small blue-and-white nursery and the same big mahogany chest of drawers for her clothes that her daughter, Princess Anne, is using today.

During the absence of the Duke and Duchess of York, their new home had been completed and everything was ready to welcome them back in June.

It became such a happy family circle at 145 Piccadilly, where the Duchess installed her toddler in a sunny room on the third floor, with cream walls, a cherry-red carpet, and a canary in a gilt cage.

"My daughter is by no means an angel," the Duchess of York wrote to her sister, during Princess Elizabeth's happy days of infancy at 145 Piccadilly. Certainly Alah had her hands full controlling her lively charge.

One day Princess Elizabeth was discovered energetically hammering the Duchess' prized Sheraton bureau with a silver mug. The bureau bears the marks to this day.

On another occasion she lifted up the bowl of soup she did not want for lunch and emptied it all over her shining curls.

"She's always so emphatic," the Duchess would remark, rather puzzled, perhaps. For, if Princess Elizabeth did not feel like doing something she was told, she would say "No," sit down on the floor, and refuse to move.

King George was always highly entertained by his small granddaughter. Some people considered the gruff sailor King to be stern, but Princess Elizabeth never showed any fear of him.

When she wanted his attention, she would climb up on his knee and pull his beard imperiously.

"Who are you?" the King would ask in pretended surprise.

"I'm Lilibet," she would answer. "I've come for a tickle-kiss."

And she got one, for the affection between them was warm and real always. When King George faced a weary convalescence after a painful illness and was on his way to the Sussex seaside to rest, it was Lilibet who announced: "I shall come too and look after you."

Continued on page 26

Give her this
favourite



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Sold by Chemists, Departmental & Hardware Stores throughout Australia.

Page 26

The Queen's Life Story, from page 25

Princess and the piper

Musician at castle "played on pudding"

Little Princess Elizabeth, when visiting Glamis Castle, Scotland, was enchanted with her first meeting with a piper. "He plays on a big pudding and the music comes out of a hole," she said.

THE little Princess usually spent her summer holidays at Glamis Castle, her mother's childhood home. There in the peaceful gardens she played with the dogs, rode her first pony, and romped with other children from the estate.

She loved to find her way to the great stone-flowered kitchens, where she was usually given a currant cake straight from the oven, or—what really captivated her most of all—a handful of colored coffee sugar. She much preferred these little crystals to any kind of sweets.

Like all children, she adored to go with her Granny, Lady Strathmore, through the high rooms of the old castle and see "where Mummy sat when she was a little girl," or exclaim with delight when "Mummy's very own piano" was played again for her benefit.

Her sister was born at the castle on August 21, 1930. Such a charming coincidence that both my granddaughters should arrive on the same day of the month," Queen Mary observed happily.

Princess Elizabeth was eagerly looking forward to the event, for she had been told a baby was going to join the family circle.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret made a happy pair of sisters in their London home. At five years, the elder girl was thrilled to have the new baby in the house.

She would stand beside the cot gazing down at its sleeping occupant with her plump little face pucker'd in concentration.

"How soon will she be big enough to play with me?" was her constant question.

When Princess Elizabeth was permitted to help Alah push the pram in the garden, her delight knew no bounds. "Being useful," as she called it, was as characteristic of her then as it is of her now she is Queen.

Princess Elizabeth was unable to spend so much time in the nursery now. She was old enough to have a governess, Miss Marion Crawford, with whom she had to apply herself to lessons every morning.

Her very first instruction had been from her mother. Sitting beside her on the big chesterfield, little Princess Elizabeth learned her ABC, and nursery rhymes and "wiggled up and down" as she called it, on the colored bead frame with which she learned to count.

She soon learned to read and write under professional instruction, and how to do

sums—which she frankly disliked, and, indeed, never did enjoy even when she grew older. "Arithmetic—ugh!" she would groan.

History enchanted her, and she loved all books, especially if there was anything about animals in them.

Princess Elizabeth had riding lessons from one of the Royal grooms, making a sturdy little figure on her white pony as she trotted along the leafy tracks of Windsor Great Park.

She had a weekly visit from a music teacher, too, her quick ear and excellent memory making her an apt pupil, although she simply loathed to practise.

When it was time to go to the drawing-room to spend an hour doing scales, Princess Elizabeth could produce all manner of amazing excuses to postpone the ordeal.

"I haven't got the right stockings on!" she announced one afternoon. "I'll go and change them." She was firmly told she could practise perfectly well in those she was wearing!

But she loved to sing and to learn poetry, which she recited aloud to improve her voice. Things like this are so essential to a Royal lady of the future.

In spite of all her struggles, Princess Elizabeth could not learn to knit. She tried and failed and wept and unravelled her work and started again,

No interest in sewing

but still without proper results.

Queen Mary, such an indefatigable knitter herself, was quite concerned.

"Her fingers just don't seem able to do it," she said. "Although certainly no child could try harder."

It was months before Princess Elizabeth could produce a simple scarf that was not full of dropped-stitch holes, and, although she did later on knit woolies for servicemen in the war years, she has never been interested in needlework since. She was not good at sewing either. She much preferred to paint and draw, at which she did reveal talent.

"Grandpa King" was always very entertained by Princess Elizabeth's progress, and he had the inspiration of enlivening her geography lessons by letting her look at the stamps of the country she was studying at the time, in his wonderful collection at Buckingham Palace.

Thus Princess Elizabeth first began to follow a hobby that



MINIATURE COTTAGE at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, was a gift to little Princess Elizabeth from the people of Wales. In this 1933 photograph the Princess is shown at the door.

still occupies some of her leisure today as Queen.

Each weekend the Duke and Duchess of York and their daughters drove down to their country cottage, the Royal Lodge at Windsor Great Park.

The Princess loved it and was always in a hurry to get there. Her pony was there, and a little aviary of budgerigars, and she had her own small garden plot.

When told she cou'd plant anything she liked, she startled everybody by requesting a packet of lettuce seeds.

She explained that she wanted to grow lettuces because she liked salad sandwiches at tea-time—"and then I can have them as often as I like with my very own lettuce, can't I?"

Even as a child, she possessed a sensible and practical mind.

At Royal Lodge, too, was surely the most enchanting plaything any child has ever possessed. It was a miniature

turning on taps and watching the water run on the floor.

As Princess Margaret grew older she, too, learned the delights of playing in the cottage supervised by Princess Elizabeth.

The pair did not always agree amicably, particularly as the years slipped past and their different temperaments developed.

Princess Elizabeth had a strong will and a determined character, although wise training by the Duchess of York helped her to control them.

"She doesn't stand any nonsense," one of her Royal relatives observed shrewdly. "You can appeal to her sense of humor and she's always generous, but it doesn't do to play tricks with her dignity."

When lively little Princess Margaret raised her sister schoolroom scenes often resulted. There were slaps and tugs, and shouts of "You pig" or "You horrid thing!", and the two girls had to be parted.

The Duke and Duchess of York and their daughters always visited the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, during the summer.

In 1934, when Princess Elizabeth was eight and Princess Margaret almost four, an exciting romance happened.

Their Uncle George, later to become the Duke of Kent, became engaged to the beautiful Princess Marina of Greece. "Like a fairy-tale," Princess Elizabeth said.

When the bride-to-be came to Balmoral with her parents, Princess Elizabeth was in the hall when she arrived. She stared wide-eyed at the tall, lovely stranger, who smiled radiantly and said, "Hello, Lillie."

Rapturously Princess Elizabeth rushed forward, holding out her arms. Then "You smell perfectly wonderful," she said in appreciation of Princess Marina's French perfume. "Let me smell again."

The Duke of Kent and his elegant Princess were married in Westminster Abbey the following November and Elizabeth was a bridesmaid.

Next week: The Shadow of the Throne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

CROSLEY

leads again!

SENSATIONAL, NEW ROOM AIR CONDITIONER

takes the swelter out of summer—

Why put up with another summer of sweltering heat... of oppressive, sleepless nights... of hot, humid, sticky days?

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Be cool this summer — get this new Crosley Room Air Conditioner and know healthier, happier, more comfortable living.



WARM YOUR ROOM IN WINTER! Crosley Room Air Conditioner keeps you warm on chilly days and frosty nights, for Crosley is a dual unit that heats in winter, cools in summer, to give you year 'round comfort.



NO PIPES, DUCTS, PLUMBING—simply fits in your window and plugs into nearest 230/250 volt A.C. power point.



£248 10/- installed. 12 months' free service, terms available. 5-year Warranty on Crosley Sealed-in Mechanism. (Prices slightly higher in country areas and in Tasmania and Western Australia).

Look to the Leader

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for Everything

Undies Nylons Woollies Dishes

NEW

Family Size



Here it is! FAMILY SIZE LUX . . . big enough to cope with all of those daily jobs that Lux can do better than any other washing product . . . undies, nylons, woollies, dishes. There's plenty for everyone, in the big handy Family Size Lux packet.

Baby in the house? Then trust Lux to care for all his woollies . . . strong soaps and fresh washing methods shrink delicate handknits—mild, creamy Lux suds keep them safe.



Safe Lux care means twice the wear! Pamper your nylons and undies with a daily dip in Lux, and they'll lead a longer, lovelier life.



Dishes . . . dishes . . . dishes? Never mind! Hot water and creamy Lux suds will do them—woosh—just like that. And busy hands keep so lovely with Lux.

So Safe! So Speedy! So Thrifty!

U.386 WW143E

Worth Reporting

WE jostled along with 70 women, four men, and three guides in a conducted tour of two buildings belonging to a Sydney department store.

The tour, which lasted two hours, revealed us everything from the roof down to a tunnel which links the two buildings. It was the first of a series of weekly tours designed to show the public what goes on behind the scenes.

Backstage, as it were, we saw fur pelts pegged out and were told: "In case you people have never seen a mink coat valued at £2700, take a look."

We went forward, not only to look, but as a lady near us remarked, "To have a feel, too."

"The climate isn't really cold enough for mink," we heard the same tourist say before we were whisked away to admire model hats and frocks being made in the workshop.

The tour included an exclusive floor known in English as the "Sixth," and in French as the "Boutique du 6ème étage."

"Like an invasion!" a startled customer cried as we ducked into the beauty salon for a quick look and out again down the escalators.

At the end of an hour and a half we quit, leaving the rest to absorb more information.

The rest, we noticed, included a lady from a rival store.

For whom the Bridge tolls?

ANY woman who has ever driven a carload of children from one side of Sydney Harbour Bridge to the other knows that as the toll gates are approached all youngsters chorus: "Ask the man for the ticket butts, please, Mum."

Usually mother asks, the toll collector obliges, and the kids are happy. But it's habit-forming.

"I know," one such mother informed us. "Today I handed the collector my money, and made the usual request, 'Any butts, please?'

He stared for a second, then gave me some. Only after I'd driven off did I realise that the children were at school and that I was the only one in the car."

"I am out of the entertainment industry now," she said.

Miss Carroll was on her way to visit friends in Indonesia.

It couldn't have been the advent of talkies that wiped out her film career. Her voice is soft, clear, and very pleasant.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. and 7. Glad rags (4, 3, 2, 6)
 4. Good with bacon (6)
 9. Catch a policeman (3)
 10. Often found in front of temple (7)
 12. Complete ten turned to the French (8)
 13. In to Harmony (11)
 19. Add fifty and this part of a flower will be a favorite to everybody (5)
- P R I S E L A S S**
M O B I L E T A R M A C
T I L E N A L A M
S H I L L I N G R O U T
E F F O R A P E
C R A T E R S E T T L E
L O D
A R E N A S C A R M E N
T O L L A A L I X
S T O P L E V I T A T E
A P O E U O
S T R E A M A V A I L S
E R E T I S

Solution to last week's crossword.

1. A member of the Hindu trinity (6)
2. They bound an object mainly with a day which was fatal to Caesar (5)
3. Big downfall for a bear (5)
4. Famous school in Scotland (7)
5. Left empty with a cat in the middle (7)
6. Wards off. Of course they may be lepers? (6)
8. Fancy dishes in cookery (9)
11. Pole with blade (5)
13. Built in anger (7)
15. Surrender about tempe (7)
16. End of the pen turns to a receptacle (3)
17. Purpose for jumping (6)
18. Garment for men, women, children, and bishops (5)
21. Not outside a Latin Nero (5)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

Tea-drinking habits in Australia

ON receiving a survey of Australians' tea-drinking habits compiled by the Tea Bureau, Sydney, we got in touch with the bureau's commissioner, Englishman Kenneth Read, to ask about his own taste in tea.

According to the survey, 2.9 million pounds of tea are stored in Australian homes, and 42 per cent of Australian husbands make the early morning cup for their wives.

Mr. Read not only makes the early morning cup but the supper "cuppa" at night. Twenty-one per cent of Australian men do the same.

Mr. Read measures out the leaves with a special caddy-spoon from Ceylon, which has a short handle and circular bowl.

(Australians go in for teaspoons, teacups, bottle and jugs, says the survey.)

He brews the tea in a silver pot, in contrast to the 61 per cent. of Australians who use aluminium teapots, the 22 per cent. who like china, earthenware, and pottery, and the 2 per cent. who toss tea into saucers of boiling water.

Mr. Read takes milk and sugar and prefers fairly strong tea.

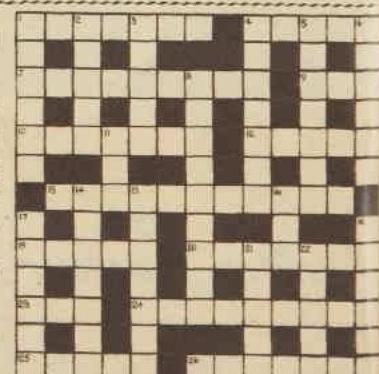
(Sixty-four per cent. of Australian tea drinkers take milk and sugar; more men like sugar in tea than women.)

"Come down to the bureau and have a cup," invited Mr. Read.

We told him yes—and we liked it strong, with milk, and one and a half teaspoons of sugar, please.

A CANBERRA reader reports that she was idly watching a big construction job going on in her city, when she noticed that giant machinery seemed to be operating by magic.

No one seemed to be giving any orders to the man who operated the grab which was scooping up mouthfuls of dirt and dumping it somewhere else. Then she noticed that the orders were being given all over by workmen around the place who wore walkie-talkie sets strapped to their backs.



Solution will be published next week.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Field-Marshal Sir William Slim (right), talks with the United Kingdom Royal Navy Liaison Officer, Captain C. H. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Hutchinson at the Navy Ball, which was held at the Royale Ballroom in Melbourne.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

GUESTS including members of the diplomatic corps, and from interstate, England, and America will be present at the wedding of Jennifer Holmes and Cholmondeley Darvall at St. John's, Canberra, on December 12.

Jennifer is the daughter of the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, Sir Stephen Holmes, and Lady Holmes, and her fiancé is the son of Mrs. Darvall, of Point Piper, and the late Mr. Cholmondeley Darvall.

Bridesmaids will be Susan Leisching, of Canberra, and Cholmondeley's small niece, Carriona Darvall.

Reception after the ceremony will be held at Sir Stephen and Lady Holmes' new residence in the Canberra suburb of Deakin.

"CLEVEDON," Yass, will be the home of John and Barbara Dalrymple-Hay when they return from a honeymoon at Lord Howe Island. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Moir, of Canberra. *

CHRISTENING robe of voile and French lace was worn by Nomi Georgina Harrison, daughter of Wing-Commander and Mrs. Arthur Harrison, when she was christened at All Saints', Woollahra. The robe was made by Mrs. Harrison's mother, Mrs. Ernest Foster, of Cammeray.



FASHIONS ON OAKS DAY AT FLEMINGTON—variations on the summer theme. Left: Mrs. Graham Nathan, who chose a white and charcoal figured organza dress and wide-brimmed black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. Centre: Mrs. Jack Davis in a Paris ensemble of ink-blue paper shantung dress and white bonnet. Right: Mrs. John Ridd, who wore a pearl-grey velvet coat over a printed frock, with a big grey hat.

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DINNER DANCE. Diana Phipps and Mr. Emil Sodersten at the party given by the Swedish Chamber of Commerce at the Pickwick Club. Guests included the Honorary Consul for Sweden, Mr. Ivar Stenstrom, and Mrs. Stenstrom, who have been abroad.



ENGAGED COUPLES AT COUNTRY BALL. Left, Kaye Willcocks, of "Tor," Toowoomba, and John Stacy, of "Myralie," Singleton, and, right, Jane Sinclair, of "Moongulla," Collarenebri, and Hugh Vallance, of Rose Bay, at the "at home" given by fifty Singleton matrons, spinsters, and bachelors in the Singleton show pavilion.

MAGNIFICENT effort by the hard-working Naughty Nineties Committee resulted in a cheque for £6000, which the president of the committee, Mrs. W. J. Smith, presented to Mr. H. A. Carl, vice-president of the New South Wales Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children at a cocktail party last week. The party was given by Mr. Smith in the A.C.I. boardroom.

I HEAR that recently married Ken and Desirée Ellis are planning to stay in Australia for twelve months before leaving for England, where they will make their home. Desirée is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. MacArthur, of Rose Bay.

NEWCOMER to Australia Mrs. Peter Walton is enjoying her visits to country towns with her husband, Dr. Walton, who is doing locum work at present. So far, the Waltons have been to Castlemaine, Victoria, and to Dungog and Mow Vale, N.S.W. Their last port of call was Canberra. Mr. and Mrs. Walton arrived in Sydney last April, after living in England since their marriage in February, 1951. Mrs. Walton was formerly Dorothea Dow, daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Dow, of Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, England, and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walton, of Wollstonecraft.



VICE-REGAL RECEPTION. Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, and his daughter, Judith, at the Melbourne Cup Week party given by Sir William and Lady Slim at Government House, Melbourne.

INTERESTING country engagement is that of well-known carnival and show rider Margaret Abbott and Philip Johnston, of Singleton. Margaret is the daughter of the Tom Abbotts, of Dungog.

IT was a busy day for the Russian First Secretary in Canberra, Mr. Vislych; and his wife, when the Ambassador, Mr. Generalov, held a reception at the Hotel Canberra in celebration of Russia's National Day. Mr. and Mrs. Vislych arrived only that morning by air from Moscow.

BRIEFLY . . . recently married Nancye and Peter Hunt have just returned from their honeymoon at Ballina. They are living with Nancye's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Riley, at Wahroonga, until they're able to find a house . . . Mrs. Clive Hall returned last week from a whirlwind two months' trip to England and the Continent . . . Pat Cornell and her fiance, Dr. Fred Rainsford, are looking forward to the visit here soon of Pat's mother from Tusmore, S.A. *Anne*

ARROW DART

is the world's favourite white shirt

and here's why...



collar The most famous feature of Arrow Dart is its non-wilt, "long-lasting" collar. It fits perfectly . . . stays fresh . . . needs no starch . . . refuses to wrinkle.



sleeve length No more worries about sleeves being too long or too short. Dart offers a selection of sleeve lengths for each neck size.



fit The exclusive Arrow "Mitoga" shape follows the contours of the shoulders, arms and body, giving maximum comfort with figure-flattering lines.



sanforized Dart is "sanforized" labelled — your guarantee of permanent fit (shrinkage not over 1%).



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fabric You can tell, by touch, that the combed cotton yarn in Arrow Dart means just this: BETTER FEEL . . . LONGER WEAR.



ironing No pulling or snagging under the iron with Arrow Dart. Its smoothly woven fabric irons up like satin and all seams are precision stitched to resist puckering.

No wonder that men in business, men in the public eye prefer luxurious, impeccably tailored Arrow Dart. Ask for Arrow Dart by name. Make sure you get your exact sleeve length.



ARROW

AT LEADING STORES AND MERCERS

Arrow Reg. Trade Mark, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. U.S.A.

A super U.S. salesman

Personality makes his business pay

Before he left America for his 2500 dollar prize-winning tour of Australia, super salesman Cecil (pronounced Cecil) Rhodes, of South Carolina, made sure his customers wouldn't have a chance to forget him.

MR. RHODES won the prize in a competition selling Australian-made glass louvers in America. He is a smooth-talking, friendly young man of 32, with twinkling blue eyes and a "boy-next-door" smile, who believes that it's necessary to keep reminding people of his existence while he is away from home.

"I've built my business on personal contacts," he explained, "and you just can't afford to be out of touch with clients."

"So before I left home I taught the office girls to copy my handwriting.

"Then I got about 150 postcards, brochures, and souvenirs pictures of the places I was going to, and farmed them out round the office.

The girls inscribed them with friendly little messages like "Don't forget me when I'm gone," and "We want you to know we haven't forgotten you while we're way over here," and "See you when I get back."

"Now, every time I get to a port, I just stick on a local stamp, mark the envelope 'personal,' and send off a few to my best customers."

Mr. Rhodes has learnt a lot about salesmanship since he joined the firm of Binswanger and Company two years ago.

By BETTY BEST,
staff reporter

His vice-president, Joe Nadler, who is travelling with him in Australia, says he was an ideal pupil because he realised the value of sincerity in his dealings with customers.

"We teach our boys to give their customers all the help they can and to be prepared to take a load off their shoulders so that they'll always want to come back to us," Mr. Nadler said.

"Cecil is what we call star material. He goes in to see a dealer, and right away they know he's a friend who will go right along with them on any troubles."

"That doesn't mean I get too friendly," put in Cecil hurriedly. "I wouldn't have time for that, and I don't believe in mixing friendship and business."

"But I give the buyer a feeling he needs me by helping him check his stock or talking about his favorite hobby. Soon he gets used to seeing me around."

Mr. Rhodes warmed to his subject:

"Of course, I couldn't do this if I didn't believe in our product. I just know that our louvers are good, adaptable to any conditions, strong, and without question a top-quality product."

From his pocket Mr. Rhodes produced a pale blue folder tastefully printed with royal-blue lettering.

"When you can believe in something like this you just can't help selling," he said.



SALESMAN Cecil Rhodes believes that selling his product depends on the friendliness and good-will he shows to his prospective customers. Cecil won a prize for salesmanship.

Described on the cover as "A message of real value," the folder contained a speech delivered by the president of a manufacturing company to the salesmen of Binswanger and Company.

The president saluted them as "Salesmen of happiness in the once-in-a-lifetime business."

He asked them whether they had ever thought of the romance of the business.

"We are not selling mere wood, glass, bricks, or steel," the president said.

"We are selling 'Just a Cottage Small By a Waterfall,' 'We'll Build a Bungalow,' 'Old Folks At Home,' and, yes, even 'How Firm a Foundation...'"

Mr. Rhodes' supply of literature did not stop there. He showed me a file of letters which he and his fellow salesmen had received during the competition.

The Australian motif was included in a letter sent to salesmen's wives headed, "Stake Your Claim."

This depicted the Binswanger idea of an Aussie prospector in business suit and felt hat beside a sort of Disney pack-donkey and a Utah cactus.

The address to the wives was written in flattering terms:

"Do you know that you are one of Binswanger's prize salesmen?"

"I guess you know that a lot of those fine prizes you received as a result of the last contest were won by your hubby because HE KNEW YOU WANTED THEM."

"For our last annual meeting we hit on a grand idea which really got all the salesmen in," Mr. Nadler told me.

"With the U.S. presidential elections going on we thought a political angle would be topical and interest everyone, so we called the meeting quarters 'Convention Hall.' We had a red, white, and blue bunting the full length of the hall, and held puppet shows to explain sales technique."

"It all makes you feel so good," Mr. Rhodes was explaining as I made for the door. "You always know the company is taking an interest in your work—it's a nice, friendly feeling . . ."

"I want to raise a family in Australia's ideal conditions," she said.

Beauclaire TAKE A BUTTON... MAKE A FASHION!

Beauclaire Fashion Buttons at all good button counters—prices from 3d. to 2/- each.

A product of General Plastic Ltd., Sydney

jet black
on snowy white
is Summer's smartest
fashion! Make this fabulous
cocktail blouse out of an
inexpensive jersey sweater!

Once again, Beauclaire bring you a
clever trick with buttons . . . and
the right buttons to do the trick!

This time it's a washable button
in fashionable jet. The price
—about 3d.

FREE If you would like to see more of
these exciting Beauclaire Button Fashions,
send a stamped and addressed envelope to
Beauclaire, 16 Larkin St., Camperdown, N.S.W.



MUM

solves the
problem of
perspiration
odours

As only MUM contains
the new ingredient M.3
against odour-forming bacteria . . . only MUM can
prolong after-bath freshness
all day and protect you
from odours which offend.

keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

Page 31

Australian girl's job with United Nations

By STANLEY MARKS, of our New York staff

An attractive Australian, Mrs. Margaret Gutman is known as the non-stop answer woman at United Nations Headquarters in New York.

SHE answers more than 1000 questions a day as questions-and-answers officer of U.N.

With her wide background of information Margaret is able to deal with visitors from all over the world, at an average of more than two a minute.

A scriptwriter and a graduate of Sydney University, she came to the U.S. 16 months ago on a United Nations scholarship, designed to foster understanding among young people of different nations.

Single then, her ambitions were to get to know American people and to study for her Master of Arts degree at a New York University.

Then she met and married Mr. Isaac Gutman early this year.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nebenzahl, of Killara, flew from Sydney for the wedding.

Margaret gave up her studies at the university to become a housewife, but later took on the U.N. job.

The Questions and Answers Division was established in the first place to help visitors with problems about the United Nations.

It has since grown into a kind of general information desk, supplying answers to questions like where to contact lost relatives and how to go about getting married.

"They ask the strangest questions," Margaret said. "One man, who seemed serious, wanted to know how many electric light bulbs were in this building. It took me a while to pacify him. He insisted that as a world citizen he had a right to know."

Margaret said she admires her fellow U.N. workers. Their devotion to their tasks and determination to overcome obstacles have amazed her, and made her very humble."

Besides keeping her house and her job, Margaret has appeared on numerous radio programmes featuring talks about Australia and interviews on her U.N. activities.

She also helped write and produce an hour feature broadcast on the Australian aborigines over the "New York Times" radio station.

Margaret and her husband expect to leave for Australia next year.

"I want to raise a family in Australia's ideal conditions," she said.

Costume cavalcade at Artists' Ball



BACK TO SCHOOLDAYS. Charles Corney (left), Noel Kuluay, Pam Shaw (who is slightly obscured by a hockey stick), and Adele Forbes went to the ball as "girls of St. Trinian's" as drawn by the well-known London artist Ronald Searle. In the background is Leo Schofield wearing a red wig.



PRIZEWINNERS. Artist Hottie Lahn and his wife, Joan, won prizes in the "most authentic" section at the ball. Hottie went as a realistic self portrait by Van Gogh, complete with clever facial make-up, and Joan dressed as a barmaid from the Folies Bergere as painted by the French artist Manet.



Well-known artists and their friends showed great ingenuity in devising the clever and unusual fancy costumes which they wore to the annual Artists' Ball at the Trocadero, Sydney, on Friday, November 6. Nearly 2000 people attended the ball, and their arrival was watched by a large crowd of onlookers.



STARS AND STRIPES. Coach Stan Martin shouts instructions to "American All Star" footballers, Jack Larkin (left), Jim Swanson, and at back, from left, Ken Biddulph, Frank Merchant, Bill McNamara, Barry Trengove.



LEFT: As a pair of Javanese temple dancers Mrs. Mercia Kingham (left) and Matthew McDonagh wore elaborate, colorful dress.

ABOVE: Well-known cartoonist-illustrator Wep (W. E. Pidgeon), as Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet, strikes a pensive pose.



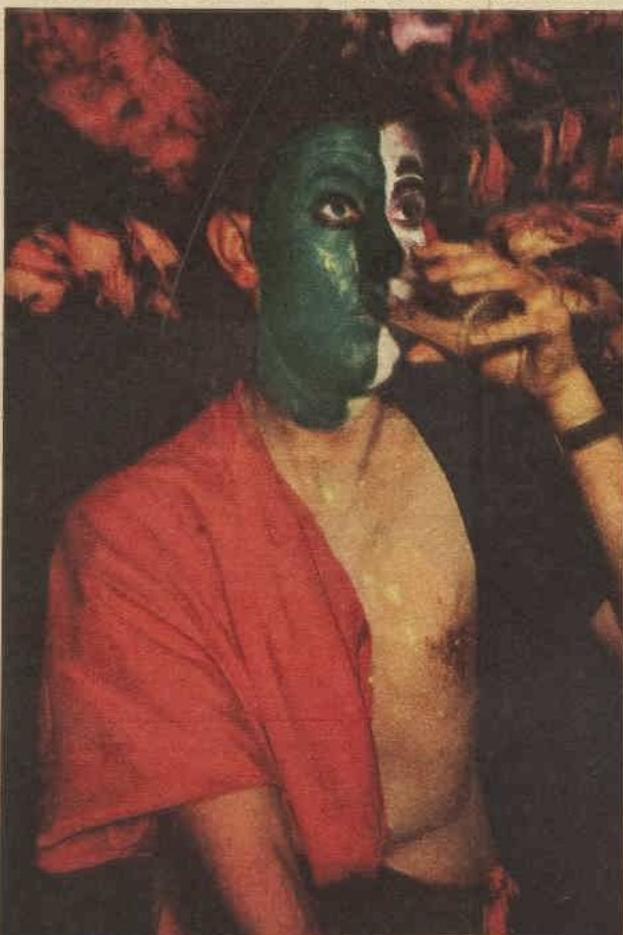
COLORFUL TRIO. Mrs. Sylvia Whiteman, as the United Nations (left), Mr. Fred Bates, balancing on stilts, and Mrs. Bates, as a Japanese girl in floral kimono.



STORYBOOK CHARACTERS. Tall striped hat was worn by Bill Lemon, who was dressed as the Mad Hatter. His fiancée Janice Brown, was a pretty Alice in Wonderland.



QUEEN OF THE FOREST was Mrs. Doreen Osgood, shown with her brother, Morris Toohes, as King Tutankhamen, of Egypt. Mrs. Osgood's striking costume was made of silk, net, tulle, and plastic.



FUTURISTIC ART. As a Picasso painting, Peter Boyne wore a vivid costume, and his painted green-and-white face had a rhinestone teardrop. The costume was one of the most effective at the ball, and aroused great interest. Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographer Bob Cleland.



ABOVE: As Hercules, Leopold Montague lifts a dumb-bell while his wife, dressed as Gorgeous Gussie, makes sure that his muscles are genuine. Leopold's unusual belt is made of tin lids.

BELLOW: Group of "hayseeds" are, from left, Mrs. Rachburn Griffiths, Mr. Griffiths, Mrs. Keith Christie, and Mr. Christie. Corks dangled from their wide-brimmed straw hats in rustic fashion.



DRESS SENSE

by Betty Kepp

For resort wear...the flower-garden print...rich colors...the pretty late-day dress...the little shoulder wrap...mostly in cotton.

WHETHER it is pretty pants, a separate skirt and top, or a full-length party dress, the new resort and cruise fashions are rich in color. Prints for a.m. and p.m. come up with new enthusiasm.

There is a wide acceptance of large and small floral motifs and of materials printed in spots and stripes in varying sizes. Another popular print portrays watery and blurred effects, often the design leaves little room for a recognisable ground color.

Illustrated on the page is a sunsuit in two matching pieces, off-shoulder sleeveless top and tailored shorts. The flower-printed cotton chosen for the suit is typical of current prints.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the sunsuit in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See caption with sketch for further details and how to order.

FOR the holiday-maker who prefers a plain color there are muted tones of pink, a strong butcher-blue, brilliant gold and green. All green tones have suddenly zoomed into importance—one of the

favorites reflects apple coloring.

White and black and all black and all white are also cited for resort wear.

ALWAYS an important part of the holiday fashion story is the swimsuit. The current No. 1 design is in one piece, its silhouette sleek, pared down and unencumbered, its fabric and color often making the news.

Elasticised fabrics, wool jersey, and cotton, in that order, are the most liked materials. The bloomer-legged suit and the long-torso suit, which burst into a short all-round pleated skirt, are the two exceptions to the sleek look.

For late-day fashion and party-going a pretty one-piece dress (often with a jacket) and separates which look like a dress dominate the scene.

Examples: Red rosebuds with green stems are printed on a white linen for a low-cut bouffant-skirted dress, co-ordinated with a brief red wool jersey jacket. The rosebud motif cut from the dress fabric is appliquéd on the shoulder straps of the dress and on the collar of the jacket.

Separates based on skirt en-

sembles are popular for the pre-luncheon party as well as for late day. Example: A perfectly tailored black linen skirt worn with a white linen camisole-style suntop, plus a little white lacy wool triangular shawl.

The variety of little shoulder wraps, with shawls and stoles at the top of list, is a resort story in itself. Cashmere cardigans are popular, and brief toppers in holly-red, white, and sky-blue are also liked.

IN a fashion analysis from resorts on the Adriatic coast, the following was revealed. Many young girls are wearing short bloomer pants, sometimes with loose muddy-type sweaters, sometimes with neat tuck-in sleeveless shirts. Manish shirts are worn outside shorts, with long sleeves rolled above the elbow. Suntops are more often low-necked than strapless.

In trouser ensembles, tapered jeans are the strongest fashion, followed by brief, cuffed shorts, with straight-cut slacks in third place.

In Paris, resort and sun clothes often show a trend towards Eastern themes. The Far Eastern influence is seen

at De Givenchy's, portrayed in straight sleeveless sheath dresses with details such as obi sashes, pipings, and oriental-style necklines.

In California, U.S.A., the summer season produced an interesting array of hats around the bathing beaches. Numbers of sun hats are made in natural colored straw, trimmed with vivid colored raffia flowers—a stove-pipe shape is popular. Yachting caps with prominent visors are also worn.

On Californian beaches, too, "the look" is definitely more covered than in past seasons, and there is a noticeable liking for neatly tailored designs.

Very popular is a one-piece swimsuit with neat little-boy pants and a V-shaped neckline. Luncheon—and—late dresses nearly all have sleeves of varied lengths, although necklines may be deep and square or a widened V.

DS.62.—TWO-PIECE SUN-SUIT obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Kepp, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 18, 1953



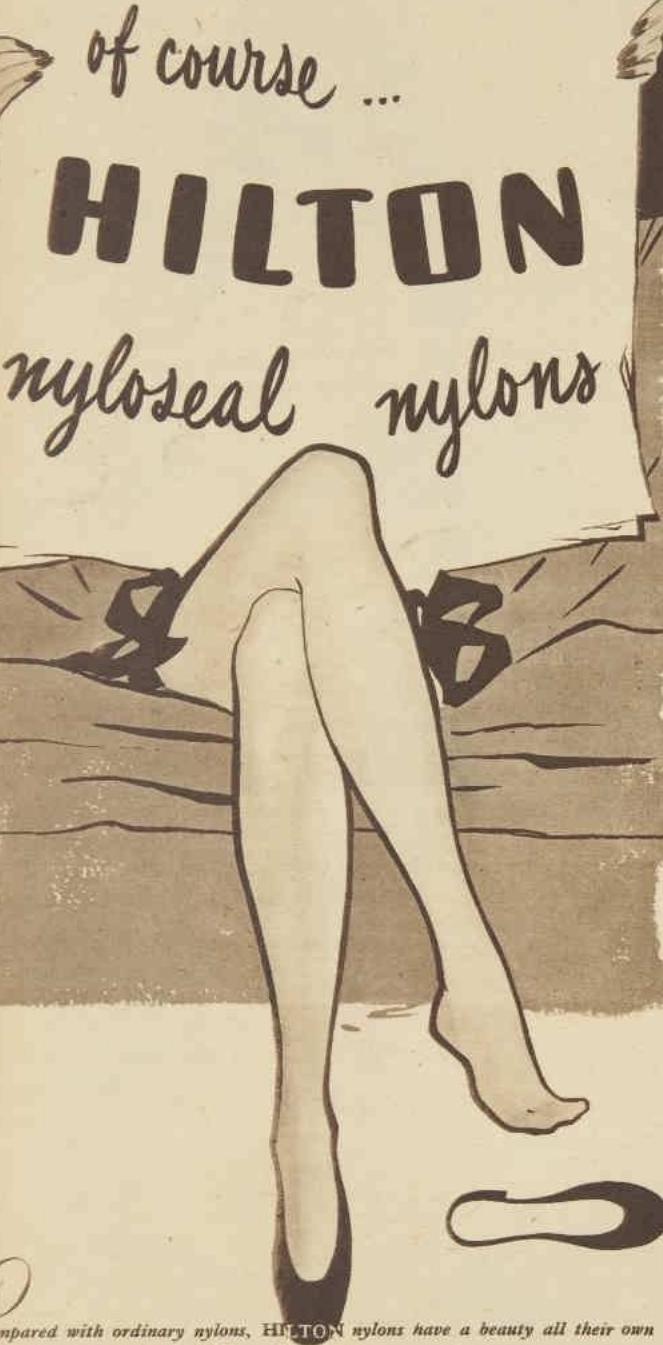
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MORE WOMEN WEAR HILTON

Fortune Hunter

from page 3

Versailles, the Tuilleries, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Elysées.

Love had come slowly, and without trumpet, some time during the walks they had taken by the river; the dinners in small, inexpensive restaurants; the trips to the green fields that lie around Paris like a skirt.

His face, with its blunt features and square chin, had become inextricably mixed with all that she saw and loved. And when she awoke one morning with an odd, turning sensation in her stomach at the thought of seeing him in an hour, she was completely surprised.

Her upbringing had left her strangely unsentimental and untouched by romantic fancies. She had never before been in love, and was totally unprepared for the radiant colors it threw over the most ordinary word and thought.

Whether he loved her, she had no idea. Any vague notions she had had about Frenchmen had been completely refuted. Andre-Paul never made love to her. He never even kissed her. When, on their way back to her hotel two nights ago, he had asked her to marry him, she was astonished as she was happy. He didn't even kiss her then; just looked at her for a few seconds, smiling a little, and left.

And now, this morning, her uncle had told her that it was the simple need for ready cash that had prompted his proposal. The burt of it would have driven through her body like a spike, if she hadn't been sure he was wrong.

She had sat like a stone until the little clock struck noon and Andre-Paul arrived, his English tweeds looking at charming variance with his Gallic face.

Emily, sitting now in her slip by the window, shivered. It was like seeing a ghost to recall the surge of reassurance she had felt on seeing the familiar dark face and light grey eyes. It reduced everything for a wonderful moment to sanity.

Her uncle's suggestion seemed preposterous. In a few seconds Andre-Paul would laugh suddenly, in the way he had, and they would walk out, leaving her uncle to the comfort of his furtive suspicions and analytical ramblings.

But it had not worked out like that.

Andre-Paul looked surprised, even a little shocked, to see her there at her uncle's house at all. Evidently she was not abiding by the rules of the game, and he seemed only partly mollified by Joshua Maitland's assertion that in America it was entirely the custom for all three to be present.

"After all," he said, speaking to Andre-Paul with an obvious effort in English, "it concerns you equally."

He started off with the usual questions. The young Frenchman answered these frankly, but his eyes, Emily noticed, were guarded. It was then she felt her first chill.

It became plain before long that her uncle was leading his victim pitilessly to the admission that his farm, which was his only source of income, was degenerating year by year for lack of equipment; that he was forced to live on it most of the time, coming to Paris only of, and on, that there was no hope, short of a miracle, that he could hold the land beyond a few seasons.

It was as pretty a piece of work as was ever seen in a court of law, creating line by line a perfectly clear picture. Like a master craftsman, the suave old man waited until the tension of climax had passed to ask his final question, pitching it in such friendly, casual tones as to hide its bald cruelty.

"Then if my niece were not independently wealthy, you would, perhaps, not be here?" Andre-Paul's eyes were hard,

months after they had first met. He had issued the invitation casually at dinner one evening. She had told him of the farm on which she had grown up, and he, for the first time, had spoken of his home.

Emily had heard with quiet amusement the almost indifferent tone in which he had referred to the land that had been in his family for three hundred years. She was also touched, because she knew it is the townsman who speaks of the country in terms of glowing enthusiasm.

The true countryman, to whom living on the stone floor of a city would spell death, would as soon indulge in elaborate pranks of his wife to a total stranger. In each case the tie is both too dear and too taken for granted.

"I'd love to go," she said, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

His eyes had, surprisingly, gone a little bleak. "It is not," he commented dryly, in his excellent English, "anything like an American farm."

The words had a warning in them which she didn't fully understand until the following Sunday morning, when they crossed the border of his property.

The three-hour ride from Paris had been beautiful but rough. Andre-Paul's old open car had spared its occupants nothing. Every ridge and hole in the road had sent its own particular message to Emily's aching limbs.

Her little suitcase, with the riding clothes Andre-Paul had requested her to bring, jumped around like a frog on a hot skillet.

His farm lay a few miles outside the village of Beauzac. The lake from which the place and the family derived their name lay serene and grey on the estate.

As the car bumped on the dusty road, Emily watched the fields, some gold with wheat, others brown and weed-grown. The low stone walls were in need of repair, and the few cattle she saw grazing in a distant pasture looked, to her experienced eye, dirty and in need of attention.

Andre-Paul was silent. His glance roved over the land on either side as though, thought Emily, he were trying to look at them with his eyes.

"You have a nice crop of wheat," she said tentatively.

"Yes, there are a few fields that can still take it. But next year they will have to lie fallow, as the others are doing now."

And then, violently, he added: "What they really need is rich fertilising, and then to be ploughed under for a few years." As if he regretted his spurt of anger he turned and smiled. "They'll be all right after a year's rest."

Emily, never one for wishful optimism, said nothing. She would have liked to reassure him, but felt a cheerful lie would be the final insult.

They turned a corner and the house itself came into view. As houses of that type go it was small, set squarely and sturdily in the ground. Its rose-colored stone was almost invisible behind a thick blanket of vines whose throttling arms parted reluctantly for the windows.

Emily noticed patches in the roof where tiles were missing, and the overgrown remains of what must have been once a fine garden. She felt a wave of pity and admiration for the man beside her.

The place needed a small army to put it in shape, and the only other human being she saw was an old man, wandering slowly through the sparse orchard at the back, carrying a bucket.

The house inside was old, beautiful, and run down. Dust

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Continuing . . .

Fortune Hunter

from page 36

was not quite visible, but lay in the shadowy corners of the spacious rooms and angles of polished wood.

She was introduced to the only other member of Andre-Paul's family, Aunt Monique, arrayed in timeless black and looking at her with eyes that were curiously like Andre-Paul's.

Her face was small-boned and fragile, and she sat talking to Emily with delicate formality, hiding red, thickened hands under a silk reticule.

The day was depressing. Not because of the evident poverty, but because of the quiet, proud way in which both Aunt Monique and her nephew ignored it.

If it hadn't been for Andre-Paul's single revelation of angry pain that morning, Emily could have thought them both totally indifferent to the dying land.

After lunch she put on her breeches, coat, and gleaming boots, as Andre-Paul said there were certain areas she might like to see which they could reach only on horseback.

When she came down he glanced at the expensive newness of her outfit (which she had run out hastily to buy the day before) and said casually that it would be a dusty ride.

He had changed, she noticed, to a pair of corduroy breeches that might well have embarrassed his poorest tenant.

They rode almost until dark, and by the time they returned Emily understood Andre-Paul's concerned glance at her clothes. The horses' hoofs had kicked up clouds of dust, and several times they had splashed across small streams.

But it had been an illuminating ride. Once, coming through a small wood, they had emerged beside an old mill. It was desolate, its great wheel still, the upper half dry and threaded by cobwebs.

Riding on, they had left the estate for a few miles and passed small farmhouses, with the farmers moving competently about their orchards and their wives scattering handfuls of feed to clattering chickens or setting out, bucket in hand, for the last milking of the day.

As they passed one cowshed Emily inhaled deeply. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "people in the office where I used to work thought I was mad because I loved the smell of cows, but it's always struck me as the most basic of country smells."

Andre-Paul gave her one amused look and burst out laughing. "But of course. People in town," he added with mock scorn, "haven't real values." Tell me," he went on, soothing his mare who had just shied at a rabbit. "What was your farm like?"

"Well," she said dryly, "for one thing it would be lost in one corner of yours. My father's parents had a much bigger one, which was run by a manager, but my father always wanted one of his own."

She sighed. "He wasn't the world's best farmer, but he did love it. The house was a real farmhouse—not like yours, but small and made of grey stone. There was a red barn, and we kept Guernsey cows."

"The land was rich?"

She nodded. "And Father, I will say, was always up on the latest improvements about rotation and fertilising."

"What happened to it?" he asked gently.

"My parents weren't well, and we'd had a couple of bad years, so they sold it. It was the only thing they could have done, I suppose, but it almost broke Father's heart."

She felt then the stirring of an old anger that her wealthy maternal grandmother had refused all help, having disapproved violently of her

daughter's becoming what she called "a farm hand."

The money had gone to another daughter, Emily's aunt, who had added to it by marrying a rich New Yorker. Ironically, it had come back to Emily "so late" to do her parents any good.

"And now," he said quietly, "you live in a town yourself?"

She hesitated. "Well, I did. There was my living to earn, and the country's a poor place for that. But I kept thinking of the farm, especially in spring and the harvest-time. It's funny. Even more than the way it looked, I missed the way it smelled: the hay, the flowers after rain."

She laughed. "Even the cows. Particularly the cows." She glanced around for his responding smile. But his face had gone bleak again.

After he had driven her back to Paris that night, she lay awake a long time. Andre-Paul's face, with its square chin and stubborn features, seemed to stare back at her through the darkness. She was in love with him. She knew that by now, accepting the fact with a simplicity that would not allow for pride or argument,

She thought of his home and the land around it that was so deeply a part of him. A little money now, she knew, could save it. Her imagination leaped far ahead, bringing a tingling sensation to her veins.

The whole thing couldn't be done at once, of course. The first thing would be to fertilise some of the fields; then plant half of those, letting the rest be ploughed under for a season.

Then the stock could be improved by bringing in more cows and a couple of bulls. The dairy would be reopened... The fantasy soared on.

As fantasies go, it was remarkably practical. To Emily, however, it was a picture of paradise. To marry Andre-Paul anywhere, anywhere, in a sium even, would be the world, like a golden apple, put into her hand.

To be able to work with him and give him back something he loved and was losing was like having the sun thrown in as a bonus.

At that point cold realism inserted a wedge: Andre-Paul hadn't asked her to marry him.

Eventually, of course, he did. Two nights ago, a thousand years ago, thought Emily, lying in her slip on the hot bed, watching the lights and shadows from outside chase one another across the wall.

The reason he did was now obvious, thanks to her uncle. She remembered the pudgy little man with his hostile eyes. Why couldn't he have left it alone? she thought with bitter illogic.

"And if," something questioned her mockingly, "your uncle had not interfered, what then?" She pondered the question.

If her uncle had not interfered she would, she supposed, have married Andre-Paul in blind faith. She would have gone to live on the farm, pouring her money, as though she were irrigating a desert, into new equipment for the tired land. Eventually it would have been back on its feet again. And then?

Ancient Anglo-Saxon suspicion of French married life rose in her mind. Emily shrank within herself. Andre-Paul's total abstinence from love-making had a new and unpleasant significance.

Before, the fact that he had asked her to marry him had erased any doubts she had about how he felt. Now that

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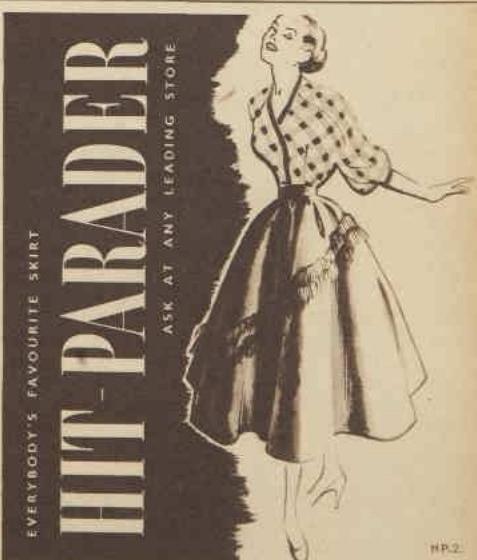
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

she knew why he had proposed, she saw the more logical explanation. He didn't make love to her because he didn't want to.

"And yet," thought Emily, holding off for a second a wave of recurring misery. "Why me? Why not some other wealthy American?" An incident she had forgotten came back.

They had attended a cocktail party once, a mixed bag of French and Americans, sponsored by someone in the embassy. Towards the end, an American girl descended on them in a swirl of mink and diamonds, her hand outstretched to Emily; her eyes on Andre-Paul.

Emily had met her casually once before and bristled now under the obvious manoeuvre. The fact that the girl was young and extremely pretty in no way helped.

Yet Andre-Paul had remained as unmoved by her blandishments as a pyramid. Emily's inflamed pride eased a little—but not too much. There was, after all, his self-confessed motive for marrying her.

Pride. That was the astrin-gent needed to draw the scar together and make it heal—enough pride to cover the hurt and loneliness. She turned over again on her face.

The cafe outside must have been about to close. A sudden clatter of feet and a burst of good-natured, loud conversation broke the gathering peace of the night and then died away.

It was funny about pride, thought Emily. Most people didn't need to beat the bushes to rouse its power. It came, washing over their defeats like an avenging army. "Something must be wrong with me," she muttered.

An idea, craven and treacherous, nagged at the back of her consciousness. "No," she said loudly, pounding the pillow with her fist.

Lying there had become impossible. Swinging her legs off the bed, she stood up. The air was hot and oppressive, and she longed for a bath, but she knew the concierge would suffer shock in every corner of her

Continuing . . . Fortune Hunter

from page 37

bulging flesh if she suggested a second one.

The enamel bowl and pitcher stood on a marble-topped table. The water was cold. Stripping off, Emily poured a bowl full and sponged down the length of her sturdy, well-shaped body. Then she went back to the bed and slid under the sheet.

It was madness, she thought, to consider tossing your life into a gamble as lightly as though it were a marble. But the idea persisted in all its serpent glory.

She lay quite still for an hour, examining it. There would, she knew, be a price, to be paid over a lifetime of instalments, minute by guarded minute. But it would be worth it.

The road past Rouen and north to Beauvais was even more unpredictable under her driving than under Andre-Paul's.

Hiring a car at seven o'clock in the morning had not been easy and had taxed Emily's limping French. But she had finally secured a small car that looked like a beetle and puffed like a bull.

Emily was neither happy nor unhappy. She knew that her friends and relatives, and even disinterested observers, would condemn her for a fool.

Only the doughty little woman who had been her father's mother, hard as the soil she cultivated and just as real, might understand; she who had once grumbled in Emily's hearing to a coquettish farm girl, "Pride is a poor comfort on a cold night." Even Emily's mother, sensible as she was in so many ways, had been shocked at that.

Emily had made a fool of herself, but she could not summon sufficient pride to prevent her from going as fast as her straining little car would take her to commit even further folly.

On only one thing had she closed the door and locked it, sealing up the cracks so Andre-Paul would never see it. That

one thing he must never know.

The villages flew past. Eventually, with a tight feeling in her stomach, she turned off the hard surface to the dusty road that would lead her in about fifteen minutes to the front door of the house.

She stopped the car and looked at the fields on either side, wondering if they would seem the same after all that had happened since the last time she had been there. They did.

The soft, grey-green land rolled up at the horizon like the edge of a saucer, and, inside, the big squares, divided by hedges, lay alternately brown and gold. But, though they seemed the same, the dead patches had new meaning.

They lay awaiting thirstily a much-needed downy. For them

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Andre-Paul had brought humiliation on himself and Emily and would, Emily thought, gazing out at them, probably do so again.

She had rehearsed what she was going to say and how, because she had to be careful that it was right. She was, therefore, startled to hear his voice beside her.

"Good morning," he said quietly.

She turned quickly and found that he had come up on the other side of the car. It put her off, and for something to do until she could remember her opening, she leaned forward.

switching off the ignition and pulling the key out.

"Good morning," she said casually. Then she looked up at him and got a shock. His eyes were as hard as polished metal. The words she had planned fled. Yet as the silence lengthened she knew he would not help her to begin. She drew a breath.

"Two days ago you asked me to marry you. I've come to find out if you've changed your mind." She saw a flash of surprise break through his expression. "Because," she went on doggedly, "it is not my acceptance."

"Why?" he asked evenly.

Careful, she thought. This is the difficult part.

"When my uncle . . ." She paused, searching for the right phrase.

"Revealed my motives?"

Irony tinged his voice.

"Yes. You left before we could talk." She looked straight ahead. "As it happens, I have motives too. I've come to realise—marriage isn't always the romantic impulse it's made out to be. I know now I want a home—a foyer, as you call it—and as I've told you, I want to live on a farm. It seems a fair bargain."

"I see."

She looked at him. He was leaning forward, his hands gripping the window ledge of the open car, and something in his eyes made her feel as though she had walked into the cold waters of the lake.

He went on. "I am sorry. I should have explained to you before you began. I have, as you say, changed my mind." His English, usually so good, had become stilted, like a schoolboy's.

There was a timeless silence.

Then her pride kicked savagely, sending a wave of rage and sickness over her. To leave, get away from him, became as urgent as physical pain.

Her foot sought desperately for the starter, fumbling be-

cause she couldn't see through the film in front of her eyes. She reached out for the choke, yanking it, hating the tears now on her cheeks.

"It might be well," he said dryly, "to use the key." His arm, brown against the white of rolled sleeves, went out to the little chain hanging from the dashboard.

But as he leaned forward in from of her, his hand stopped. Her own darted forward, but was caught and held.

"You are crying," he said in a different voice.

"Let me go." She wrenched her arm free and turned on the ignition.

There was a quick movement beside her as she pressed the accelerator. The car jerked forward. But she hadn't left Andre-Paul. He had vaulted into the car, climbing from the back seat into the front.

"Get out!" she screamed at him.

"Steady," Andre-Paul said quietly, easing in beside her. "You will land us in a ditch."

"I hope I do."

"And I," he said, pushing her foot off the accelerator with his own and taking hold of the steering wheel. "would much prefer that you didn't."

He stopped the car. Sobs tore at her, ugly and convulsive. Hours of tension and strain had eaten away her discipline.

An arm went around her, pulling her towards him. She fought it vainly and felt her head come to rest against his chest.

That she should find it comforting after the seventh hell of humiliation she had suffered passed comprehension. But she gave up trying to understand and cried against the counter-point of the soft French words flowing above her head. With his other hand he stroked the back of her neck.

"And now," he said when she grew quiet, "we will talk."

The sense of comfort went abruptly. She felt herself to be drab and obvious, an open boot before the suave, worldly Frenchman, so fully in posses-

sion of the one vital fact she had tried to keep hidden that he could afford to be kind.

"You did not come, after all, because of the home, the foyer."

"No," she said dully.

"Why, then?"

At least, she thought, she could plant one last spinter of revenge and discomfort. He might be capable of lying for a fortune, but she knew instinctively he could also feel shame. The truth could be a weapon. "Because I wanted to give you something that would make you happy."

He tipped her face up. "And now, to pay me back," he said, "you hope telling me this will make me feel like a lout, a pig."

It was no use. She had no defence against his astuteness. But she could try to wring one admission from him. She pushed away abruptly and looked up.

"And now tell me something. Would you have asked me to marry you if I hadn't had money?"

"No," he replied calmly.

It was no triumph after all. "Please get out," she said. "I must go."

But he remained where he was, looking at her. "Do you think, loving you, I would have asked you to leave your country with its wealth, its opportunities, to take over this?" His arm swept out, indicating the dried fields, the tired land.

"A French girl, yes; perhaps her lot would probably be something like this anyway. But not you. You do not know what it is like. Your money would help me; but it was for you that it was necessary. Without it you would become like Aunt Monique, who not only does the work of three servants, but works in the soil like a laborer."

The explanation was before her, but Emily heard only the words "loving you . . ." They cut through her like sunlight.

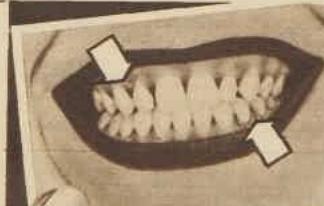
There was amused tenderness in his face as he watched her.

"You really do not understand the French very well, my darling. But—he reached out, drawing her face to his—"you will learn."

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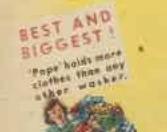


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



GENE TIERNEY

A SCHOOLGIRL passion for acting started Gene Tierney on the road to a film career.

Gene's socially prominent parents at first opposed their daughter's choice of career, but compromised when she agreed to do the social rounds for three months after she left finishing school.

Later, Gene and her father spent many weeks visiting New York theatrical agents and casting offices.

Sore feet and lack of success made Gene realise she would have to try different tactics, so she decided to get experience in repertory.

This led to two minor Broadway roles, which in turn won her a part in the Thurber-Nugent hit "The Male Animal." Two months after Fox chief Darryl Zanuck saw her in the play Gene Tierney signed a seven-year movie contract.

Publicity-wise Hollywood capitalised on Gene's social background, and the result was that fans thought of her as just another

other stage-struck socialite, which almost ruined her career before it started.

Talented Henry Fonda was Gene Tierney's leading man in her first film, the technicolor Western "Return of Frank James." This was followed by "Hudson's Bay."

Gene had her important break in her third film, "Tobacco Road," in which she played the role of Ellie May, half-witted daughter of a sharecropper.

"Tobacco Road" was a severe test of talent and stamina for the young actress, because it was so different from anything she had tackled before.

She was smeared with dirt and soot, her hair was lank and stringy, her clothes were tattered.

In spite of her lack of glamor, Gene came through the ordeal with flying colors.

Films like "Son of Fury," "Shanghai Gesture," "Belle Starr," and "Sundown" followed.

Her co-starring part with Tyrone

Power in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" established Gene Tierney as a dramatic actress.

She added to her reputation in "Leave Her to Heaven," "Dragonwyck," "A Bell for Adano," and "Laura," the psychological thriller in which she played the title role.

While Gene was busy making a name for herself in Hollywood, her family had gradually become reconciled to her career, but a storm burst when she eloped with Russian-born dress-designer Count Oleg Cassini in 1941.

The idea of a runaway match had no appeal for Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tierney, who had visualised a New York church wedding for their daughter.

However, they eventually became reconciled to their son-in-law, who is a man of great personal charm.

There are two daughters of the marriage—10-year-old Antoinette Daria and Christina, who is four years of age.

After several alarms and reconcilia-

tions, the marriage was dissolved in 1952. Now 33, Gene Tierney is 5ft. 5½in. tall, has chestnut hair, blue-green eyes, and a lovely cheekbone look. She wears clothes with elegant ease and her name is usually included in lists of best-dressed American women.

For months past Gene has been enjoying life among Europe's café society set with Prince Aly Khan.

The close friendship between this couple is causing people to speculate on the possibility of their marriage.

If they do marry, Gene Tierney will be the third Princess Aly Khan.

During this period abroad, Gene has made two pictures in England.

By M. J. McMAHON The first was "Never Let Me Go" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Clark Gable co-starred.

For this role Gene had to learn to dance like a Russian ballerina, and it was very hard work indeed.

However, in her latest film, Pine-wood's "Personal Affair," she spends most of the time in beautiful surroundings and wears elegant gowns.



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From Under My Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

SYNOPSIS: Actress Hedda Hopper finds her movie career dwindling when sound pictures introduce new techniques and performers like Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, James Stewart, and others to Hollywood.

She has difficulty in landing a radio contract. Late urged by friends, Hedda becomes a movie columnist. The divorce of Jimmy Roosevelt is her first scoop and opening shot in the feud with opposition writer Louella Parsons.

The announcement of Clark Gable's marriage to Carole Lombard causes a flutter among Hollywood news-gatherers who anticipated exclusivity. NOW READ ON:

ALL during my acting years I longed and waited for a call from Cecil B. DeMille. Everybody wanted to act for the producer whose middle name should have been Barnum.

Not until I'd been doing my column for several years did I get a nod from the master. Then for a part so small you could have stuck it in one eye. But, let's be fair, had it been longer I couldn't have done it.

I was cast to play a southern belle, Paulette Goddard's aunt, in "Reap the Wild Wind," and had to be laced into a pair of stays made for a female half my size. Each day DeMille made the rounds, pinching the ladies' waists to see if we had 'em on. Some men prefer bottoms; DeMille was concerned with waistlines only.

I had to faint for him. Don't know why I've never fainted. Guess I was too curious to go unconscious; never wanted to miss anything. Anyhow, I had to learn to faint with grace besides.

Laura Hope Crews gave me lessons; Ethel Barrymore told me how she fainted. I practised fainting from left to right, backwards, and on the bias. At last I was ready for my big moment. I fell backwards; my hoop skirts held me in a graceful position; and DeMille roared, "Cut! That's it!"

I picked myself up from the floor. "What! I only get to do it once? For three weeks I've been passing out all over Hollywood."

"One faint, Hopper," said DeMille.

While we were making this picture Paulette and I decided to accept an invitation from Myron Selznick to weekend with him at Arrowhead. He had a lovely mountain cabin there where he entertained clients, business associates, and friends. We loved Myron. An actor's agent and a brother of producer David, he was a sweet, gentle man.

His mother once said to me at a cocktail party, "Hedda, why don't you love my son David like you did Myron?"

I opened my mouth to answer. David was standing beside me and didn't want to risk my reply. He knew I wouldn't hesitate to use the words "ruthless" and "heartless." Before I could speak, he said, "Mother, Hedda and I are both egomaniacs and couldn't possibly love each other."

Paulette's a natural-born collector. When she was fourteen her mother told her it was bad luck to buy jewellery for herself, and she promised to mind her mother.

After Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin separated, a man south of the border fell for her and she returned from Mexico laden with antiques, paintings, precious stones. She owns several treasures from a Mexican museum and a jade necklace that museum tourists used to ogle.

I never understood her marriage to Burgess Meredith, although he did teach her a lot about the theatre. After they wed, he turned over to her his farm in Dutchess County.

It was reported that she was romancing Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's official adviser, but that was untrue. She did know F.D.R., and also knew her way around the White House better than most visitors.

I went to interview Paulette after one of her European tours. "I can't give you dinner," she warned, "but we'll have a little snack."

The walls of her apartment were covered with famous paintings by Diego Rivera, Waldo Pierie, Renoir. There was no more room to hang them, so she had stood them on the floor against chairs. The latest one, a personal discovery, was done by a local taxi driver.

Paulette reclined in a black skin-tight princess dress, held up by her personality. Her ears were weighted with dollar-sized gold earrings crusted with diamonds. On her feet were strapped golden sandals.

The "snack" consisted of fresh shrimp, caviare, buttered pumpernickel, sandwiches, iced champagne in silver buckets, vodka, and a spicy sauce in a scooped-out red cabbage.

"Have any trouble getting your loot through customs?" I asked, fascinated.

"Oh no," she said, though her smile was acid. "You fixed everything with that little item in your column about what I was bringing in. The customs men were waiting for me and held me up for six hours while they went through every piece of luggage with an X-ray."

"One faint, Hopper," said DeMille.

"Oh, you were!" She poured herself another glass of champagne, spread a blob of caviare on a cracker, adjusted a diamond earring, and said, "You know, Hedda, possessions don't mean a thing to me really."

"Come now, this is Hopper you're talking to."

"No, seriously, they don't. There was a time when clothes,

cars, jewels meant everything. That was before I had 'em. Now there's nothing left for me to desire. Things, I mean. For myself, I must be free."

"There was a time when I dreamed of being a great actress. Now I'd rather have a short role with long eyelashes than a long role with no eyelashes."

"Before you start giving away your loot, how about showing me your latest?"

She left the room and came back with a diamond tara and a gold bag—solid gold.

"For a girl who doesn't want possessions," I said, "you certainly travel heavy."

"But, Hedda, that bag is only to carry my lipstick in. The tara? Not much, really, but beautiful workmanship, don't you think?"

Paulette was a natural for a role in "The Women." The cast wouldn't have been complete without this goddess. I didn't see how Metro could leave me out of it either. "After all," I said to director George Cukor, "I'm a woman."

Cukor said, "We're jam-packed with stars, but I'll stick you in at the newspaper reporter in the last reel."

While the picture was in production, life on the sound stage was as rugged as the lines being spoken. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Paulette, Roz Russell, Mary Boland, Lucille Watson, Joan Fontaine, and Marjorie Main all carried their little sharp razors.

Norma and Joan Crawford never were what you'd call bosom pals. During Norma's close-ups, Joan would sit out of camera range and knit.

When Paulette had her big scenes, she brought thick, juicy sandwiches for all the crew. They ate like kings when Paulette was in the spotlight.

Nobody paid much attention to Joan Fontaine, so when she came to her big scene she took direction, was natural, and didn't over-act. Not until she was acclaimed for her performance in "Rebecca" did she start doing the latter, and since then she's never stopped hamming.

"I always thought it a pity

that we didn't have room for Mae West in that picture. She would have taught those gals the meaning of the word 'sex.' By kidding the popular commodity, Mae made a fortune.

For some reason, before I met her, I expected to see a rather dowdy, if statuesque, burlesque queen. Minus her trains and trappings, Mae doesn't look to be any taller than Janet Gaynor.

When she remarked to me—not with quite the same intonation she lets loose on her leading men—"Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" I went like a shot.

When I arrived, the soulful aroma of garlic and onions led me by the nose to her apartment. The door was opened by her maid and I was ushered into a white drawing-room. White piano, white furniture, white flowers. The posies were artificial. Outside the apartment building, owned by Mae, beautiful flowers bloomed in the gardens. But indoors Mae had to have white blossoms, and those imitations cost her twelve hundred dollars.

"Why haven't you married again?" I wanted to know.

"Too busy," said she. "Success and money first. Husband comes later. I've been engaged a few times. Mother always found fault. She was right. If I hadn't listened to her when she said I'd get tired of them, I'd have to shell out a fortune to pay for divorces. There's no percentage in that."

"Why do you think there are so many divorces in Hollywood?"

"Because all actors are selfish brutes. Now suppose I married an actor—believe me, dearie, I know several who wouldn't be too hard to get—professional jealousy would walk right in that door with us and make itself at home before we got our hats off. We couldn't do a picture together. It's always one career that's ahead of the other, so one or the other would begin to get irritable."

"It's a full-time job, holding a man. Sex can be either important—or common as grass. I'm grateful to the public that they like my brand. It's been a battle to make 'em see it my way. I've served time on the stage—not to mention the time I served on Welfare Island, when Uncle Sam had me up to see him. Hey! I got more experience there than in all the rest of my life put together."

"Other women told their stories and I listened. I found out what put them behind bars. I decided from that time on I'd amuse people by making my life an open book. You know you can't be entertaining in gaol—there's no audience. The only one who pays is you."

I was on the set the day Mae and Alison Skipworth were ready to play a scene. Skippy was edgy. She knew beforehand, and right well, that Mae was going to steal it. When she could stand it no longer she turned to Mae haughtily and said, "I'll have you know I'm an actress!"

A slow smile slid across Mae's features. "It's all right, dearie," she said. "I'll keep your secret."

(To be continued)



PAULETTE GODDARD in interested conversation with Danny Kaye in a Hollywood restaurant. Paulette is a wealthy woman in her own right and owns one of the most impressive collections of jewels in America.

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Dangerous Crossing

DANGEROUS CROSSING" (Fox) is a better-than-average thriller.

Ruth Bowman (Jeanne Crain) is a newlywed heiress whose husband disappears after they board ship for a honeymoon cruise.

Her bewilderment gives way to hysteria when it is learned that accommodation is booked in her maiden name.

The ship's doctor (Michael Rennie) takes over, and is one of the few people who do not believe Ruth has imagined both husband and wedding.

The introduction of a man with a limp and a suspiciously friendly widow, who plies Ruth with liquor, add to the tension.

A strange phone call from her husband (Carl Betz) and an attempt on Ruth's life take place before the mystery is solved. J.B.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ Affair with a Stranger

R.K.O.'s "Affair with a Stranger" is a thin romantic comedy of obvious situations and some charm.

It tells the story of a young New York model (Jean Simmons) who meets and marries a penniless playwright (Victor Mature) against the advice of friends who consider he will never amount to much.

The entire story is told through the reminiscences of these friends.

However, the playwright meets with spectacular success, although the marriage runs into troubled weather when the couple lose their baby and Jean seeks solace in an adopted boy.

Predatory actress Monica Lewis tries hard to make the marriage rift permanent.

Gravely charming, Jean Simmons does her best to imbue her gibb role with intelligence.

In Sydney—Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Montana," Western, starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith. Plus ★ "The Damned Don't Cry," melodrama, starring Joan Crawford, Kent Smith. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Affair With a Stranger," romantic comedy, starring Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The Mysterious Mr. Valentini," mystery, starring Linda Stirling, William Henry.

CIVIC.—★★ "The Enforcer," drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Ted de Corsia. Plus ★★ "Dallas," Western, starring Gary Cooper. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ "Meet Me Tonight," technicolor omnibus film, starring Valerie Hobson, Nigel Patrick, Stanley Holloway. Plus ★ "Something Money Can't Buy," comedy, starring Anthony Steel, Patricia Roe.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Dangerous Crossing," suspense drama, starring Jeanne Crain, Michael Rennie, Carl Betz. (See review this page.) Plus "The Ghost Goes Wild," comedy, starring James Ellison, Anne Gwynne.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Desert Legion," technicolor desert adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Arlene Dahl, Richard Conte. Plus ★ "The All-American," football drama, starring Tony Curtis, Lori Nelson, Mamie Van Doren.

LYRIC.—★ "City Beneath the Sea," technicolor adventure drama, starring Robert Ryan, Mala Powers, Anthony Quinn. Plus "Cohann South," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Joan Evans. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—★ "Mister Scoutmaster," comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, George Windolow. Plus ★ "The Phantom From Space," scientific drama, starring Ted Cooper, Noreen Nash.

PLAZA.—★ "Plunder of the Sun," adventure drama, starring Glenn Ford, Diana Lynn, Patricia Medina. Plus "Fort Dodge Stampede," Western, starring Alan Lane.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Shane," technicolor Western, starring Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philippe, Francoise Rosay.

STATE.—★★★ "From Here to Eternity," drama, starring Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Donna Reed, Deborah Kerr. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Ride, Vaquero!" technicolor Western, starring Robert Taylor, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner. Plus ★ "Big Leaguer," baseball drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Vera-Ellen. (Commencing soon: "Give a Girl a Break," musical, starring Marlo and Gower Champion.)

VARIETY.—"Dark Journey," drama, starring Vivien Leigh, Conrad Veidt. Plus "New Wine," musical, starring Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis. (Both re-releases, no star rating available.)

VICTORY.—★★ "The Happy Time," comedy, starring Charles Boyer, Louis Jourdan, Linda Christian. Plus "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," technicolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Billy Daniels.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR AND REGENT—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," technicolor musical, starring Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Tommy Noonan, Elliot Reid. Plus "Southside 1-1000," thriller, starring Don DeFore, Andrea King.

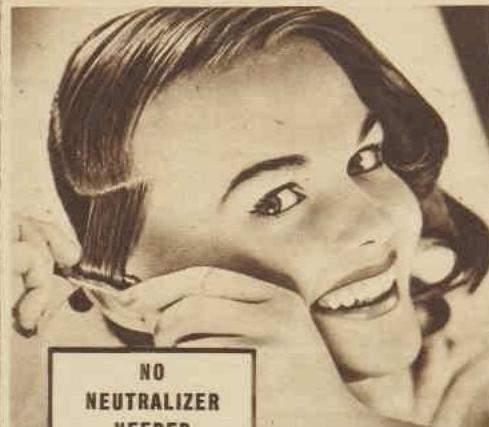
PALACE.—"Fair Wind to Java," trucolor adventure, starring Fred MacMurray, Vera Ralston. Plus "Madonna of the Desert," mystery, starring Lynne Roberts, Donald Barry. (Re-release.)

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Wed in film and fact

From BILL STRUTTON,
in London

Reality and fiction are apt to become confused in the film world. For instance, a winsome new star named Jane Griffiths recently emerged from church under a hail of confetti on the arm of her screen dreamboat, Gregory Peck.

SHE blushed, looked prettily confused, and clung to him. They both cringed laughingly under the barrage.

The next day, way down in the pretty Sussex village of Rodmell, England, Jane emerged from another church, the picturesque church of St. Peter's, on the arm of handsome young ex-commando Captain Gerald Nell-Nichols. Came the storm of confetti and rice with a couple of old shoes thrown in; the same wedding march; the same blushing and the same pretty confusion.

But this time it was for keeps.

The wedding to Gregory Peck was the fiction, the happy ending to Gregory's first British film, a comedy based on the rib-tickling old Mark Twain story, "The Million Pound Note."

Gregory Peck was in Paris when the British offer was made to him. The idea of a comedy appealed to him after all the adventure and the drama associated with his previous screen career.

He flew to London to find that the studio had come up with a discovery for his co-star. She was a slim, green-eyed girl with a cloud of dark hair and a winsomeness reminiscent of Jane Wyman and Maureen O'Sullivan by



GREGORY PECK and new British discovery Jane Griffiths, who is his co-star in the British comedy "The Million Pound Note," get to know each other better over a pot of hot tea.

turns. She had a smile all her own.

She was terrified of her first big film scene, trembling, but outwardly serene. Producer John Bryan put his arm around her shoulder and said, "Jane, this is Gregory Peck."

Gregory grinned and said, "How do you do?" with an admiring emphasis that is better for a girl's morale than a wolf whistle, and much more polite.

By the end of the first day's shooting they had this to say:

Gregory Peck: "Say—she's good! And a honey, too."—rather as if the two didn't always go together.

Jane Griffiths: "He was charming! He made me feel I had known him all my life."

Selection of Jane Griffiths to star opposite Peck in this film was no accident. It came as a brilliant opportunity to a promising and rising young actress.

After a hard grounding in repertory Jane was steadily climbing to important stage roles when the critics singled out her performance in the Chekhov play "The Seagull" for special praise.

From then on it was a case of a producer slipping into the theatre to watch her, inviting her for a film tryout which turned into a searching series of tests as the camera confirmed her good looks and talent.

And it all ended in wedding bells. In the film and in private life.

But in case you think that the path of a rising, newly wedded star like Jane Griffiths is strewn with roses, let me add that her honeymoon lasted 48 hours.

On the Monday Jane was back, shaking hands with Trevor Howard and opening the script of her next starring film, which is titled "The Devil's General."



JANE GRIFFITHS photographed with her husband, Captain Gerald Nell-Nichols, after their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Rodmell, Sussex, England. Their marriage took place the day after Jane finished work in "The Million Pound Note," in which she marries co-star Gregory Peck.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953

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Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

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held Anne's arm that morning, and almost forced her into the car, and the thought that she was alone with him now, virtually at his mercy, was not conducive to peace of mind.

He began pacing the floor of the long room with its faded Aubusson carpets and its comfortable Victorian furniture. Margery watched him.

"Thinking of killing him yourself?" she inquired blandly. "I wouldn't blame you."

"It wouldn't be the first time I've wanted to," he said. "Mind if I go out? A little air will do me good."

She didn't mind. One of the pleasant things about Margery was that she seldom objected to anything he did; a reason, perhaps, why a good many mothers of daughters resented her bitterly.

He agreed not to stay long, and picking up his hat in the front hall he stepped out into the night. The rain had finally ceased, but the gutters were still running, and a passing taxicab splashed water from a puddle over the pavement. He saw Thomas Carlyle, in a light streaming out from the kitchen, daintily lifting his paws as he surveyed his sudden world.

"Not a good night for love, Tom," he said. "Better stay home for once."

Tom, however, disdained him and, tail high in the air, moved away.

At first, Forsythe had no definite objective. Why get into what Margery would have called "a tizzy" because ten years ago a young girl with eyes like stars and fabulous lashes had gone to her first dance in a badly fitted dress, and had remembered him? Or had put her head on his desk that day and wept for her dead brother? And why in the name of heaven believe that her husband was potentially a deliberate, cold-blooded murderer?

He swung along briskly. He liked New York at night, the lights in the tall buildings where some late office worker or cleaning woman was busy; the shop windows extravagantly showing their prodigality of clothing, of food, of the vast resources of the country, as against the poverty of the Europe he had left after the war, but this last thought made him uncomfortable.

The poor devils, he thought, and was surprised to find that he had reached the street which housed the Colliers. He stopped at the corner. Why go on? She was certainly still all right.

Sheer curiosity, however,

decided him in the end, and he found the number a block or two from the East River. The building was a small apartment house of the walk-up type, but with a smartly painted red door and a general effect of being rather better than its neighbors.

On the ground floor the tenants were having a party. One of the windows was partly raised, and he could hear laughter and the clinking of glasses. But as there was no one in sight in the street, he stepped into the foyer and looked at the cards above the bays.

The first floor was Kerr, Joseph H. The second, neatly typed, was the Colliers. The third merely said bluntly "Jamison," and the fourth was evidently empty. He was still



looking at the names when a small, middle-aged man, neatly dressed and carrying an umbrella, stepped in from the street.

"Looking for somebody?" he inquired pleasantly.

Forsythe had to think fast. "I was trying to locate a family named Blake," he said. "The William Blakes."

The stranger stepped forward and peered narrowly at the board. "Don't see them," he said. "They may have moved out. The fourth floor's empty. I only moved on to the third floor a week or so ago. Name's Jamison. That's my card there."

"I see. Well, thanks, Mr. Jamison. It isn't important, anyhow. I was just taking a walk. I can call Blake in the morning."

He was about to leave when a door slammed above and someone started down the stairs. Forsythe had only time to turn his back when Fred Collier reached the foyer. He brushed roughly past the two

men and out into the street, and Mr. Jamison looked annoyed.

"That's my only objection to this place," he said. "The man who just went out. He lives below me, and when he's drunk he's nasty. The floors are thin, and I can hear him quarrelling with his wife night after night. Bellows like a bull. I'm afraid he'll hurt her some day. Nice young woman, too."

Forsythe had a wild impulse to take advantage of Collier's absence to try to see Anne, but Mr. Jamison showed no inclination to move.

"I'm a bachelor," he said. "I have no family left, so I go to the movies most evenings. They fill in the time." He looked up at Forsythe. "I was wondering—if you're only taking a walk, perhaps you'd have a drink with me. The stairs are bad, but I'm only two flights up."

"I might at that," Forsythe agreed, anxious to stay in the building if possible. "Sure you want me?"

"My dear boy, if you have ever lived alone, you'd realize what a visitor means."

The apartment, when they reached it, turned out to be rather bare, but extremely neat. Forsythe learned that all in the building were the same, a small living-room, three bedrooms, a kitchen with a dinette, and a bath.

"A little large for me, of course," Jamison explained, bringing ice from the kitchen. "but you know how things are today. Anyhow, it will look better, too, when I bring in my books. I'm waiting to have the shelves built."

He was a talkative little man. He said he was a bookkeeper for a real estate company down town, and seemed not to notice Forsythe's abstraction. He was listening for sounds from the floor below, and finally they came. The door banged again, and he could hear Collier's voice raised, although not what he said.

"You see what I mean?" said Jamison. "He's been out for a drink or two, and probably brought a bottle back with him. Now he'll be really ugly."

Forsythe sat listening. He could see Anne in the room below, watching the great, hulking brute who was her husband, but if she spoke at all, he did not hear her.

"Probably locked in her own room," said Mr. Jamison, an ear cocked to the floor. "The superintendent says they don't live together."

All at once Forsythe disliked the little man, with his prying

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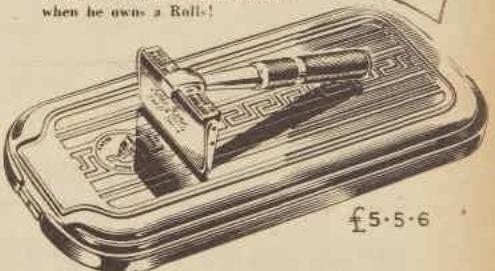


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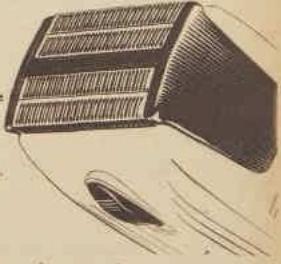
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ARIES (March 21-April 20): Everything you undertake may go wrong. November 17, if plans are spoiled, look forward to November 21, which rewards you adequately for a magnificient effort.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A magnetic personality may be on the other end of your phone. November 18, and that exciting invitation may become the big fact of the week. November 23 interesting but explosive.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Don't sign on the dotted line. November 17, until you've read all the fine print. November 21 is tops for mixing pleasure with profit.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): November 20 may give Cancer birds something to crow about either socially or financially. November 22 holds open the door to adventure for young and old.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You'll meet opposition, November 17, and thrive on it, but November 18 and 22 give you what you want in the fullest measure.

LEO (July 23-August 22): The atmosphere of November 19 is rather deceptive: you might tread on the corns of one who neither forgives nor forgets. November 21 favors the ambitious.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Use your brains and steer clear of complications. November 17, particularly if a club member. November 21 may have thrilling news for many of you.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): You might strike a bargain. November 16, or put your finances on a sound basis, but there is the danger of recklessness. November 23. Steer clear of expensive occasions.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Vague day-dreaming will not take you far. Grit your teeth. November 18, and accomplish the impossible.

(The Australian Woman's Weekly presents this astrological digest as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

from page 47

there any way he could know what she's been doing?"

"Not from me," she said promptly. "Her identity is the best-kept secret in radio. She never goes to a rehearsal; she never comes here. Do you know where I meet her, Mr. Forsythe? In Central Park. Snow or rain, cold or hot, that's where I meet her. When the kid was young, she brought the scripts in his pram, and believed me, one or two were wet in those days! She'd pretend to show him to me, and I'd sneak them into my muff or what have you. Tie that if you can."

"It sounds unusual." "Unusual? It's crazy. Don't think I just sit here and collect my commission. Know anything about radio? She's good, but who cuts if the script's too long? Who sits at rehearsal day after day? I do, Mr. Forsythe. I do."

He felt rather sorry for her as he left. He thought his call had been a considerable shock to her, although he could not imagine why. The bank deposit receipts were in order. What really startled him, however, was the amount of money at stake, enough incentive for any crime. Even murder.

He went back to his office to work that afternoon, but his feeling of apprehension remained. Suppose he went to the police? They would laugh at him, of course. Unless they had something on Collier. Anne had started to say something about his business of second-hand cars, and then checked herself. She had said, "Sometimes I wonder—"

Wonder what? Was she afraid he dealt in stolen automobiles, had them painted, and with new licence plates, shipped them out of town? Collier had done something like that in France and narrowly escaped court-martial for it.

It was unfortunate, when he finally settled down, that he opened the red-bound book at a section entitled Base Period Catastrophe.

Forsythe dined out that evening, a typical Park Avenue dinner party, the hour set for eight, and not all the guests arriving until almost an hour later.

By that time he had more to drink than he wanted. And for the first time in his life, much more than he wanted of chattering young women who rose apparently unclothed about the top of the long table. He was frantically bored as the meal went on, and for some reason increasingly apprehensive.

Over coffee and liqueurs and hot political talk with the other men after dinner, he tried to think of some way to escape the inevitable bridge or canasta. And he was still debating this when a butler leaned over his shoulder.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but you are wanted on the telephone. Your sister, she says."

Only a real emergency would

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wife, Snuff & Tuff

4 TIM



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make Margery telephone him at such a time, and he never doubted what it was. He was alternately hot and cold as he slid quietly out of the dining-room and to the telephone in the library. But Margery's voice was calm.

"It isn't what you think, Wade," she said. "But the doctor said she had a couple of letters in her hand when she fell. One of them was to you. She isn't badly hurt, but he thought you might want to know. Her husband's out and they can't locate him."

"Where did she fall? And how?" He hardly recognised his own voice.

"Apparently down the stairs. She's badly shaken up, but that's all. Nothing's broken."

"Collier's not there?"

"No. She says he left before it happened. She doesn't know where he is." She hesitated. "I had the impression from the doctor that she wants to see you or I wouldn't have called."

He made a brief apology to his hostess, and five minutes later was in a cab. He was puzzled. If Collier was gone when she fell, it seemed to let him out of it. His distrust of the man was so great; however, that he did not relax. Collier could have pretended to go and been waiting somewhere in the dark upper hall.

It was not like her to fall, he thought. She moved lightly and easily, even gracefully, and he remembered the long, straight flight of stairs and shivered.

He found the superintendent on the pavement waiting for him, a stockily built man wearing an old grey sweater and a truculent expression.

"I'm Hellinger," he said. "The doc thought you'd probably be along. And don't think she's got any grounds for a lawsuit against this building, Mr. Forsythe. She fell because she had a good reason to."

"You mean she was pushed?"

"Worse than that," said the superintendent. "Come inside and I'll show you something."

What he had to show was a lonesome piece of wire, thin but strong. He grinned as Forsythe examined it.

"Stretched across near the top of the stairs," he said. "It was sure tight. Fellow on the floor above heard her fall, and almost broke his own neck on it when he ran down. Doc's with him now. Soon as I let you in I'm going out to get him some aspirin."

Forsythe handed back the wire. "I understand her husband was gone when it happened," he said.

Hellinger shrugged. "Nothing to prevent him leaving a little souvenir behind him, was there? Maybe he knew she

was going out soon as he left. She had a couple of letters when she fell, one to her boy, the other to you. Old trick, of course, the wire. Had a kid here once almost killed his mother that way."

Hellinger left, presumably to get Mr. Jamison's aspirin, and Forsythe slowly climbed the stairs. Somehow, he thought, he must get Anne away from the place, to Connecticut, to a hotel, even to his own house and Margery. It was clear, however, as soon as he saw her that she could not be moved very soon.

She was lying prostrate in her bed, and she turned her head slowly and painfully when he heard him.

"Sorry, Wade," she said. "I twisted my neck and I ache all over. What a fool thing to do anyhow! I've gone down those stairs for years and never even stumbled."

"That's what you did? Just stumbled?"

She smiled faintly. "Nobody pushed me, if that's what you mean. Fred had gone out. He was delivering a car somewhere in New Jersey, so don't think he did it. He couldn't have."

He did not mention the wire. He drew a chair beside the bed, and, sitting down, took one of her hands.

"I'm sorry, Anne," he said. "Sorry, and glad it's no worse. You might have killed yourself. But why were you writing to me?" The doctor saw the letters."

"Because I couldn't use the phone. Fred stayed here all day. So I pretended to write to little Billy, and wrote to you, too. I didn't know he was going out. He didn't either, but he got a phone call and had to threaten to lock me in, but I'd hidden the key."

"Why? What excuse did he give for a thing like that?" She moved wearily. "He knows I saw you, and he's worried about a divorce. I don't think he knows about the other matter. That's what I wrote to you about, that I'd have to wait about the will. He can't watch me forever. And to tell Martha Simmons I'm not renewing my contract. I'm sorry for her, but what else can I do?"

What could he do, either, he thought resentfully. Tell her her husband was trying to kill her? That he had tried it tonight, and would certainly try it again?

He was strongly tempted, but she had already been badly shocked. Her face was colorless and she was clearly in pain. Her mind was entirely clear, however.

"I've been thinking," she said. "Suppose I'd broken my

neck, and no will? He'd get it all, wouldn't he?"

"But you didn't, my dear."

"Why can't you draw one now?" she asked feverishly. "A holograph, if that's what you call it. Or a real will. I can sign it, and the superintendent, Mike Hellinger, can witness it. I think the doctor's coming back, too. The man upstairs fell trying to get to me, and he's up there with him."

Forsythe did not like the idea. A will was a serious matter, especially with so much at stake. It would go to probate. Judges would examine it in case of a contest. The fact that she was badly shocked, too, might operate against it.

Finally, at the desk in the living-room, he made a rough draft and was carrying it to read to her when the hall door opened. It was Collier, astonished first, and then ugly and menacing.

"Well," he said thickly, "if it ain't Forsythe! What do you think you're doing here?"

"If you want the exact facts," Forsythe said, "I'm doing some legal work for your wife."

"If you're talking about a divorce, she's not getting one."

"That's hardly up to you, is it?"

"Why, you young jerk, I'll knock your head off."

In the next room Anne was sitting up in bed. "Stop it, Fred!" she called sharply. "I sent for him! Don't be a fool! You're only making trouble for yourself."

Fred, however, only grinned. "I always did hate you," he said. "Didn't I, Forsythe? Almost got me court-martialed, didn't you? Why, you — I'll smash that good-looking face of yours!"

He made a sudden lunge, but Forsythe countered quickly. Collier had not only had a few drinks. He was also softer than in the war years. But he was still a big man, with long arms, and his first blow landed on Forsythe's jaw and almost knocked him off his feet.

It did throw him over the sharp edge of a table, which knocked the breath out of him. But he recovered in time, and the fight was almost a draw, with chairs and the bedside table overturned, when at last Forsythe got in a hard blow to Collier's chin that knocked him right out.

Only then did he realise there was an audience. Hellinger, the superintendent, and an elderly man carrying a bag were in the doorway, and both of them were looking gratified.

Forsythe was panting, but he turned and called to Anne in the next room, "Don't worry! He'll be all right! Just knocked out!"

The doctor had put down his bag and was stooping over Collier.

"Nice work," he told Forsythe. "Drunk, I suppose? He'll give you no trouble for a while."

He went in and spoke to Anne.

"You've had quite a jolt," he said, "but you're lucky. No bones broken."

"What about Mr. Jamison?" she asked.

"Making the devil of a fuss. Says he's sprained his leg. Maybe he did. Claims he always said the stairs weren't safe."

When he came back, the three men picked up the still unconscious Collier and dumped him on the bed. Then Hellinger took the door key and locked him in.

"That'll hold the murdering devil," he said with a grin. "Want me to call the police?"

Forsythe shook his head, which was unfortunate, as he had suffered some certain damages himself. He felt dizzy and sat down, with a vision of Miss Potter at the office reading her morning paper and coming

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"I'll tell you why you married me . . . because I asked you!"

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Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

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across his name as having been involved in a brawl.

"No police, thanks," he said. "But I'm staying. I knew the fellow in the war. Even gaols don't hold him when he wants to get out."

Anne, however, was insistent. "He'll be quiet now," she said. "He won't remember much in the morning, and I don't need a nurse. I'll be all right, really."

Forsythe was reluctant to leave her, but Hellinger offered to keep an eye on the place, so he finally agreed. In the hall, however, he asked for the piece of wire and was given it rather grudgingly.

"If that fellow upstairs makes trouble, I'll need it," Hellinger protested.

"You'll get it back," Forsythe promised. "I want it for only a few hours."

He wasn't quite sure himself why he had asked for it, except that it had been intended to kill Anne. Nevertheless, he rolled it up and put it in his coat pocket.

On his way out he found the Kerrs waiting in the hall. Both of them were in dressing-gowns over night clothes, and both stared at him unbelievingly.

"Oh, brother!" the man breathed. "That must have been something!"

For the first time Forsythe stopped to take an inventory of his condition. One sleeve of his jacket was ripped and soiled. His eye was swelling rapidly. A split lip had bled down his shirt front, and he realised he cut a rather sorry figure. Also that Mrs. Kerr was trying hard not to laugh.

"I—I'm sorry," she gasped. "Can I do anything?"

"Thanks," he said politely, but with care because of the lip. "Anything you know about tonight?"

Kerr was a tall, thin, boyish-looking individual, probably in

his mid-thirties, with a pencil moustache and a conspicuous Adam's apple which moved up and down as he spoke. His wife, however, was attractive, in spite of the cold cream on her face. It was Kerr who answered.

"Only tha' Collier came home and raised the dickens, according to Mike Hellinger," he said.

"Were either of you home when his wife fell down the stairs? She had rather a nasty fall."

He suspected Hellinger had told them about the wire, for he was aware of a quick glance between them.

"Went to the movies," Kerr said. "Only been home an hour or so. Those stairs are bad. That's why we live down here."

Forsythe said good-night and took a taxi home. In the cab he tried to rationalise the situation. Men did not usually murder their wives to prevent their getting a divorce. If Collier had actually placed the wire on the stairs, it looked as though he knew about Anne's money. It was possible, of course, remembering what Martha Simmons had said about Central Park.

If he had followed Anne there and seen her meet the Simmons woman, what was easier than to trace the agent to her office? And Martha Simmons had been scared that day when he visited her. Why?

Suppose she had told Collier the facts, and was now afraid for Anne as well as her programme.

Margery, of course, was waiting for him when he got home. She took one look at him, opened her mouth to yelp, thought better of it, and dashed to her bathroom. When—a half-hour later—and he was smelling strongly of iodine and witch hazel—she stood beside his bed and waited, he abandoned the idea of a taxi accident.

"All right," he said. "I suppose you're entitled to it. I had quite a scrap with Collier."

"So I imagine. I hope you killed him."

I did my feeble best. He'll wake up sooner or later, and he won't feel too good."

He did not go to the office on Thursday morning. He lay in bed with a piece of expensive sirloin steak on his eye, and took a considerable amount of aspirin. But after a lunch he had difficulty in eating, and in spite of Margery's protests, he got up and dressed, trying not to see his face while he shaved.

To his fury, his coat and the piece of wire were missing, and he shouted with rage.

"Where's my coat?" he belched down the stairs.

"It's gone to the tailor's," Margery's voice came back. "What did you expect?"

"Where's the piece of wire I had in the pocket?"

"Oh, that? I threw it out. Was it worth anything?"

He did not say. He was practically beyond speech, and his temper was not improved by the necessity of searching the big cans in the areway. The wire, of course, was at the very bottom of the last can, and he finally found it. He rolled it up in a pocket and stopped a passing cab.

"Know where Police Headquarters is?" he said. "On Centre Street?"

The driver gave him a long look. "What's the use of scaring them to death down there?" he said. "Better stop at a drugstore and get an eye patch."

He did so, and it was in this semi-disguise that at Centre Street he asked for a detective on Homicide whom he had known slightly in the Marine Corps. His name was Close.

"Afternoon," he said. "Anything I can do for you?" Then he stared. "Good heavens, it's Forsythe, isn't it? What happened to you? Lost an eye?"

"That's what I came to talk about," Forsythe said, and sat down rather carefully. "The eye doesn't matter. I've still got it. I've been in a fight, that's all. But I've a story to tell, if you have the time."

"All right," he said. "I suppose you're entitled to it. I had quite a scrap with Collier."

"So I imagine. I hope you killed him."

Close eyed him. "I'm Homicide," he said. "Is this murder you're going to talk about?"

"As near as can be. It's about a man who intends to kill his wife, if that interests you."

"Not exactly my pigeon," Close said, and took the cigarette he was offered. "I wait until the job's done, as a rule. How do you know he wants to kill her? Banged her up some, eh? Why don't you go to your precinct fellows? That's their stuff."

For an answer Forsythe hauled the strip of wire out of his pocket.

"That was fastened across the top of a pretty steep flight of stairs last night," Forsythe said. "He'd gone out—the husband—but he knew she was going to post some letters as soon as he left. She fell over it and almost broke her neck."

"I see," Close said. "Just why does he want her out of the way?"

"Because she's worth a good bit of money, and she doesn't want him to have it. It was to go in trust to her son, and I was about to draw a will to that effect when this happened."

Close was definitely interested now. His interest increased when he learned about the radio programme.

"I know it," he said. "So the girl who writes it is the one you're talking about?"

"Yes, although she uses a pen-name. Her husband is Wilfred Collier. He sells second-hand cars, I believe."

"Collier, eh?" He picked up the telephone and asked for the Automobile Squad room. When someone answered he said, "Put Joe Ellis on, will you, if he's there?"

Ellis was there, and Close settled back in his chair.

"Remember Fred Collier, Joe?" he said. "Well, what have you got on him lately?"

"Yeah, I know he's slippery. But what's new, if anything?"

When he hung up, he grinned.

"Nothing new," he said.

Beauty in brief:

FACE CLEANSING

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Some people pride themselves on cleanliness but never wash their faces with soap and water.

THERE are usually two reasons for this: Failure to understand the true purpose of cleansing cream and the belief that the skin is irritated by soap.

The purpose of cleansing cream is to liquefy the day's accumulation of make-up and dust, making it easily removable. Night-time cream cleansing is not sufficient in itself, and should be followed by a wash with mild soap and warm water.

When soap and water are used at night, cream cleansing in the morning, followed by an application of skin freshener, may be adequate. However, night and morning washing is recommended for oily skin.

So-called irritation after washing the face may be the result of too vigorous rubbing with the towel. Obviously, the face should always be patted dry.

Hard water could be another factor in causing skin discomfort. If you feel that this is the trouble, boil all water before use or, better still, use rain or distilled water.

"Collier's been skating on thin ice for years. They're pretty sure he's mixed up with the stolen-car racket. They know a lot about him, but they can't prove anything. Bad actor, too. Beat up one of his drivers and almost killed him. They'd have had him then, but the man wouldn't talk."

It was, however, when Forsythe told him the amount at stake in the Gotham Trust that he really sat up and took notice.

"Great Scott!" he said. "Is that the way they pay for that stuff? While I go out and risk my neck for a pittance, if that? It makes you wonder."

Nevertheless he promised to keep an eye on the situation. He suggested too, that Forsythe get Anne to Connecticut as soon as she could get about, and Forsythe felt distinctly better as he left. Better only mentally, that is. For he had been having a sharp pain in his side

since he hit the table the night before, and to his horror it turned out to be a broken rib.

It was Saturday morning before, strapped with adhesive tape, he dressed and went down to breakfast. There had been no word from Anne, but the day before he had talked to Hellinger, who said that she was all right, and that Collier had disappeared the morning after the trouble and not come back.

Over his crisp bacon and eggs, and with a coffee cup in his hand, he glanced at the headlines in the paper. As far as he could see, the world was in a mess and getting messier, so he turned it over and looked idly down the page. Then he stiffened.

Anne Collier had shot and killed her husband the night before, and had tried to kill herself.

To be continued

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YOU MUST EAT. But do you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, discomfort or pain? No wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

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At a restaurant or in the street, carry a few De WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS in their cellophane strip. Dissolve one or two on the tongue like a sweet—you will enjoy their peppermint flavour—you will get prompt relief from digestive discomfort. Price 1/6 or economy pack 2/9.

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De Witt's

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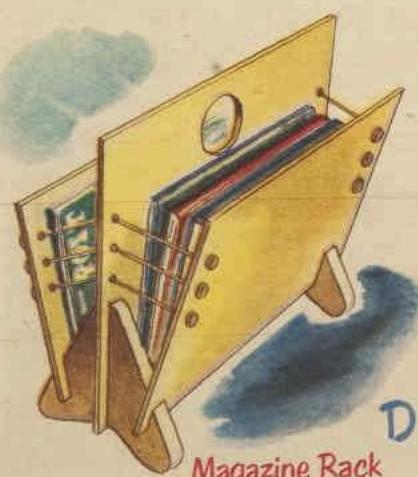
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No need to keep Baby out of the sun when it's windy . . . Fasten Masonite along two sides of the play pen—keep the wind out and still let the sun in!



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Masonite Corporation (Australia) Limited

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



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Alison and Phillip decided they should check their shoe fittings for themselves. All the children are quick on the uptake, and followed the fitting process intelligently.

Melbourne welcomed the Sara's with a lovely spring day. Here Mark, Judith, Phillip, Alison and Geoffrey, with their parents, look of the Melbourne skyline from the "Himalaya".

New shoes for the Sara Quads

When the Sara Quads passed through Melbourne in R.M.S. "Himalaya", Paddle Bros. Pty. Ltd., took the opportunity of checking their shoe fittings. Mr. Herb Paddle, who has had life-long experience of shoe fitting, met the Sara's and checked the fittings of each of the children in turn.

Phillip, the first to be fitted, was very interested as each foot was carefully fitted on the Brannock measuring device. Although he can still safely wear his present shoes, Phillip's next shoes will be a half size larger.

Children's feet should be checked at least every three

months for under six's, and three times a year for children of six and over.

Alison who is the liveliest of a lively family was a little suspicious at first, but quickly understood what was going on, and presently took the Brannock when no one was looking and proceeded to

measure the feet of her "Teddy Bear."

While Mrs. Sara is able to choose from the full range of Paddle Baby Moccasins, the children are perfectly fitted by the standard Baby Moccasins multiple fittings available at

Paddle stores.

Regular checking of sizes should be carried out by every mother, because children's feet develop so rapidly, and permanent damage can be suffered by children wearing shoes too small for them.



The Brannock measuring device enables a very accurate fitting to be made, both for length and width of foot. Allowance, of course, is always made for the growth of the foot.

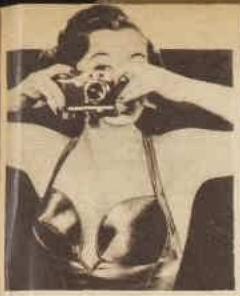


Alison looks doubtful as Mr. Paddle places her foot firmly on the fitting device. Judith shows interest, but Phillip's eyes are all for the camera.



Thank Goodness that's over! The children, who now do quite a lot for themselves, put their shoes back on. Judith gets hers on the wrong feet, but nobody could care less.

THE SARA QUADS ARE WEARING PADDLE BABY MOCCASINS



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CNS



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Continuing . . . The Prescription is Love

from page 5

noting the racing of her pulse. "You're all right."

"But I don't know who I am. I can't remember my own name!"

He sat down by the bed. "This is a temporary condition, produced by shock and your head injury."

He spoke slowly, leaning forward, holding her eyes with his. "Often patients lose their identity after an anaesthetic. It'll come back any minute, don't worry."

She swallowed convulsively, tried to smile. "I thought maybe I'd lost my mind."

"Tommyrot! You've just lost a few hours out of your life. Relax and enjoy your freedom. Don't you know people dream of this happening to them, of being someone else for a while, having no responsibilities or any past—just a present?"

"Everyone is wonderful to me. The nurse brought me a toothbrush and comb and the mail some flowers. But it's frightening . . . like looking into a mirror so dim and cloudy you can't see your own face. You can't recognise yourself. And then I keep wondering why someone hasn't asked about me."

Since he was wondering that too, he said casually, "There's some perfectly simple explanation. Your family probably thinks you're in one place and your friends think you're in another."

"Maybe I'm an orphan." Then her eyes widened. "Or I might have a family and a lot of children waiting for me at home . . . with a candle burning in the window!"

They both laughed at that and she added, "Don't mind me. It's just these two heads I'm wearing."

"We're going to change that dressing, put on a smaller one. Does it ache too badly?"

"It whirls," she admitted, "and the ceiling does peculiar things, tilts around. I ache all over from my fall."

"I'm too sorry about causing all this." He looked distressed.

"Oh, forget it. What about all that nice red blood you gave me?"

Color tinged his cheekbones. "Who told you that?"

"I didn't have to be told." Her eyes glinted with mischief. "I could feel it flowing, dancing through my veins."

"I'm sure you couldn't," he smiled reluctantly, "because I haven't had time to dance for years." He stood up as a nurse entered with a surgical tray. "We gave you a blood transfusion last night because you were anaemic, not that you were so ill. We want to do everything we can to get you well."

His hands were deft and gentle as he began to change the dressing. But he frowned slightly as he worked, wondering why there'd been no inquiries about this girl's disappearance.

He had checked with the front office as he came into the hospital, but there'd been no distractions, searching parties, no phone calls from Missing Persons Bureau. He looked down at her with the uneasy feeling that she might disappear as mysteriously as she had come.

A maid entered with a mop and broom and the nurse said, "Not just now, Susie," and the maid went away.

"Susie," the girl repeated drowsily, and her eyes glimmered up at him. "But that's my name . . . Susan." Her eyes widened. "You're . . . but you're not Jack?"

"No, I'm Andrew," he said very quietly. "Who is Jack, Susan?"

"My brother, of course," she said impatiently.

His heart gave a lurch of relief. He finished taping the small dressing and said, "You're doing fine. You can sit up in a chair this afternoon, if you like."

She wrinkled her brows. "My head pounds so when I try to remember."

Andrew patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Don't push yourself. It's coming back."

He nodded to the nurse as the girl's eyes closed tiredly. "Keep her quiet. She's definitely coming around."

"Yes, Doctor Ellison."

"If she shows shock, reassure her." He glanced at the telephone on the table. "Get her family on the phone and let her talk to them, if necessary. And phone me immediately."

It was a busy morning, but he kept thinking about her all during his rounds. In fact, it was difficult to think of anything else. He must have a guilt complex, because the accident was his fault.

That was why he kept seeing the clear profile on the pillow, the brown eyes, troubled and confused. She was still in his mind as he drove home for lunch, down the tree-shaded street. He sat in the car for a moment in front of the rambling old frame house where he'd been born.

His father's office, built on to the side, always looked newer than the rest of the house, in spite of the years and many paint jobs. He remembered as a child the fascination of the surgery, with its shelves of bottles, some full of alcohol with strange underwater shapes in them, and his father, striding in and flinging off his white coat, saying, "Being a doctor, son, isn't a job you can put on and take off like a jacket." Perhaps Val was right about that business of spreading yourself so thin.

Mrs. Ellison was just hanging up the telephone when Andrew went in.

"Has your attractive patient got her wits back yet?"

He shook his head. "Except that she thinks her name is Susan. But you weren't calling me at the hospital to ask that, were you?"

"Certainly not! Your father trained me better than that. I've just had a wire from your Uncle Dewey asking Val's address. What do you suppose he wants?"

"Maybe he's sending Val a sterilized silver pickle-fork for a wedding present!" Andrew didn't look as tired today and his eyes were as blue as his mother's.

"I'll pickle him, the old skinflint!" she sniffed. "I wired him back, collect. Look, darling, how about my going to see that girl? She might need a friend."

"Tomorrow," Andrew said firmly. "Nobody's going to see her today, although I know you're dying of curiosity. We're having a consultation with Hammond, the psychologist, in the morning. He's going to check her over. After that you can see her, if you're calm and won't addle her further."

So it was the following afternoon before Mrs. Ellison made the trip to the hospital. When she walked into the room it was quite evident that the strange girl did need a friend, for she lay stretched out on the floor in a faint.

A nurse came on the run and together they lifted her back. She was partially dressed in her riding breeches and silk shirt.

"Looks like she was leaving you," Mrs. Ellison commented dryly. She drew the sweater tightly from the limp arm, then frankly searched for the label. But it only said, "Pure Cash-

mere, Made in Scotland," which dampened her detective ardor somewhat.

The girl opened her eyes at that moment and Mrs. Ellison leaned over her cheerfully. "Hello, Susan. Well, now, you're all right. I've come to help you. I'm Dr. Ellison's mother."

The girl's eyes travelled around the room, then down to her clothes. "Don't stop me!" she gasped. "I must leave this place. I can't stay here. I have no money or friends."

"See if the doctor is in the hospital," Mrs. Ellison said calmly to the nurse. Then she patted the girl's hand. "We're your friends, my son and I. Since he's to blame for scaring your horse you could—er—see him for your hospital bill, or something. There's a lot of things you could do. I'm going to take you home with me for a few days."

The girl's face grew quiet. After a long moment she whispered, "How wonderful you are! Just like he is. But I couldn't possibly go home with you."

Andrew walked unhesitatingly into the room. His glance skimmed his mother. "You don't have a very calming effect, do you?" he said, his fingers on the girl's wrist.

"Oh, go on with you, Andy. She's worrying over money for her bill."

Andrew looked down at the girl. "Where were you going, Susan?"

"Away," she said.

"Go and sign a pink slip, Andy, and get her out of this den of iniquity. I'm taking her home with me. You and Dr. Hammond made her worse instead of better. All these new angles . . .

Listening to your thoughts before you think 'em. What she needs is someone personally interested in her."

Andrew's lips tightened because he almost said, "And you think I'm not!" Instead he drawled, "Why, Mrs. Ellison, are you indicating I'm not the doctor for this case?"

"Oh, bother! This poor child is tired of feeling like a forgotten umbrella that nobody's claimed. She's well enough to be up and walking around her room, so why can't she come home with me? Yes I am taking over the case!"

They then both started with surprise at a little chuckle of laughter. The girl called Susan was gazing at them mirthfully. "Taken together you're a potent tonic," she said. She wiped her eyes helplessly, either of tears or laughter. "I feel better already, but I couldn't let you."

"All right. You're better off here, anyway," Andrew said briskly. "Doctor Hammond wants to check you again in the morning." He prepared to depart, then paused at the door. "Look, I'm driving out to Strawberry Creek road to see a patient. How about you both going along? I'll stop at the desk and make arrangements for you to get out for an hour, Susan, while the nurse takes you down in a wheelchair to the car. What do you say?"

She looked starled and uncertain, then slowly agreed, and for once his mother did not argue. In fact, she looked pleased. "It will do you good, Susan, and I told Andy he needed a rest. It'll do him good, too. But I have to go shopping. You do-gooders had better go on without me."

A few minutes later she waved them goodbye and got into her own small car.

Susan smiled after the indomitable little figure, with the crisp, grey hair. "She has such warmth, your mother. I've never met anyone like her."

"Neither have I," Andrew chuckled as they drove off, "nor one so transparent. That old

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F2828

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 552.—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer Irish Linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. by 17in., the plate mat 11in. by 11in., and the cup-and-saucer mat 5in. by 5in. Price, nine-piece set including 1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 22/8. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Serviettes to match, 11in. by 11in., 1/6 each. Postage, 4d. extra for postage.

No. 553.—THREE EMBROIDERED COLLARS
The three prettily designed collars in varying shapes are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer Irish linen mounted on cotton. Instructions for tracing are included. The color choices available is white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The price is 3/2 each with 6d. extra for postage.

No. 554.—SUNDRESS, BOLERO, AND STOLE
An attractive summer trio obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. Each garment may be obtained separately. The sundress is in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green; the bolero in white poque, and the stole in white poque. The eyelet embroidered edge is not supplied. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust. Dress, 35/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra; stole, 9/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; complete, 57/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra. Jacket, 17/9, postage and registration 2/3 extra; complete, 63/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 555.—ORGANDIE APRON
An ideal Christmas gift in this prettily frill-trimmed apron obtainable in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie. Price, 8/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 556.—VICTORIAN DUCHESSE SET
The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer Irish Linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and also on organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. by 17in., and the plate mat 11in. by 11in. Price, linen, 8/11, postage 10d. extra; organdie, 6/11, postage 10d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second colour choice. **No C.O.D.** orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.

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STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

PS 50.30

Page 55

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THIS charming birthday cake, chocolate eclairs, and novelty sandwiches make a fine start for your birthday party menu. See recipes below.

Happy Birthday

ANY member of the family or a friend will appreciate a party given in his or her honor in the happy atmosphere of your home.

When planning the menu, keep a keen eye to foods which lend themselves to advance preparation so that you have the greatest effect for the smallest amount of cooking.

The birthday cake recipe given below makes a rich, moist, full-flavored cake.

You do not need to be an expert cake-decorator to produce the cake illustrated, and, of course, it is not limited to a 21st birthday.

Change the figures on top and the number of candles to the appropriate number.

The novel sandwich suggestions add to the attraction of the supper table as well as being good to eat.

All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

BIRTHDAY CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. castor sugar, grated rind of 1 medium orange, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons sherry, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 6oz. sliced glace cherries, 6oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. rice flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ oz. cocoa.

Cream shortening with sugar, grated orange rind, and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time. Fold in cherries, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with sherry and coffee essence. Fill into two greased sandwich-tins—one 9in. and one 6in. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes for large cake, 20 to 30 minutes for small. Stand 5 minutes before turning out to cake-cooler. Decorate with royal icing.

ALMOND FONDANT ICING

Two egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon water, 4oz. glucose, 1½lb. pure icing sugar, 6oz. almond meal, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, yellow and pink coloring.

Sift icing sugar, mix with almond meal, make a well in centre. Beat egg-whites and water lightly with fork (without frothing), pour into dry ingredients with melted glucose and lemon juice. Gradually work in sifted icing sugar until mixture is smooth and shiny and will hold its shape.

To Decorate: Divide icing into two portions, color one buttercup color of cake. Color second portion pale blue.

Using writing-pipe and buttercup icing pipe figures "21" in centre of top cake. Allow to dry slightly, then apply second layer. Top with third layer, using blue icing and same size writing-pipe.

Using small rose-pipe and buttercup icing pipe shell around base of both cakes. Using large rose-pipe and blue icing, make 21 large roses evenly around rim of bottom cake.

to completely cover respective cakes. Lift each carefully on to cake and mould with hands dusted with icing sugar until cakes have smooth surface. Trim base of each, leave until firm (about 12 hours). Place large cake on serving-platter and small cake in position on top. Decorate with royal icing.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 8oz. to 10oz. pure icing sugar, 1 teaspoon glucose, few drops lemon juice, yellow, pink, and blue coloring, 21 blue candles to decorate.

Beat egg-white slightly, do not froth. Add lemon juice and melted glucose. Gradually work in sifted icing sugar until mixture is smooth and shiny and will hold its shape.

To Decorate: Divide icing into two portions, color one buttercup color of cake. Color second portion pale blue.

Using writing-pipe and buttercup icing pipe figures "21" in centre of top cake. Allow to dry slightly, then apply second layer. Top with third layer, using blue icing and same size writing-pipe.

Using small rose-pipe and buttercup icing pipe shell around base of both cakes. Using large rose-pipe and blue icing, make 21 large roses evenly around rim of bottom cake.

Press blue candles into position before roses are quite set.

NOVELTY SANDWICHES

Asparagus Lilies: Thin slices sandwich-loaf bread, softened butter, asparagus spears.

Cut crusts from bread, slices, spread with butter. Place an asparagus spear diagonally across each slice, fold opposite corners over, leaving green end of asparagus showing—thus making a "lily" with green asparagus stamen.

Sardine Fingers: Fingers of toast cut 1in. x 3in., softened butter, sardines, strips parboiled red pepper.

Spread toast fingers with butter. Place a sardine on each and garnish with strips red pepper.

Raclette Rosettes: Eight ounces cheese, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, salt, cayenne pepper, thinly sliced bread, butter for spreading, thin strips parboiled red pepper, small sprigs parsley.

Grate cheese, mix with butter, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, and cream or milk. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Stir over gentle heat only until ingredients are well mixed together. Cut bread slices into circles with scone-cutter. Remove centres with very small cutter or thimble. Spread one side of each circle lightly with butter, sandwich together with generous layer of raclette, pairing a circle from which centre has been removed with a complete circle. Pile raclette in centre of each, decorate with red pepper strips and small sprigs of parsley.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ pint water, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 3 large eggs, fresh cream, thick custard or mock cream, warm chocolate icing flavored with coffee, chocolate decorettes.

Bring butter and water to boiling-point. Add sifted flour and salt, stir until smooth. Stir over low heat until mixture leaves side of saucepan. Allow to cool. Gradually beat in well-beaten eggs. When smooth and evenly mixed, fill into grease-proof paper bags fitted with large, plain pipe 1in. in diameter. Squeeze 3in. lengths on to greased tray, spacing well apart. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, and cook further 35 to 40 minutes or until dry outside and almost hollow inside. Cool on trays. Split each from end to end, remove any moist centre, fill with whipped sweetened cream or other filling. Top with chocolate icing, sprinkle with decorettes.

If your plans include a birthday party, give it a personal touch by preparing a simple, decorative supper yourself.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Save time and money with

TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

Lively flavour!

Open your packet and thrill to the aroma of these big, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes! They make you feel hungry just to look at them! Hear them rustle on to your plate. So they should! They've been roasted, toasted and crisped to do just that! M-m-m! Delicious!

NUTRITION EXPERTS say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs. Here's a complete, satisfying breakfast in itself!

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Think of the money you save! Simply compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon these days! Only 30 seconds to serve—no greasy grillers or pots to wash.

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C53-IR

Readers' prize recipes



BACON-MACARONI CHEESE prepared in individual scallop shells and garnished with sauteed mushrooms makes a tempting entree for luncheon or dinner. Served in an attractive casserole it will make quite a hit at your next supper party, too. Recipe is below.

Two appetising savory dishes and one delicious dinner sweet win prizes for readers in this week's cookery contest.

BACON-MACARONI cheese, which wins the main prize of £5, is flavored with a piquant savory sauce which is poured over each layer of macaroni.

Apricot meringue pudding is a simple sweet which may be served either hot or cold. Any tinted fruit or cooked berries may be used instead of apricots, but be sure the fruit is well drained.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

BACON-MACARONI CHEESE

Four ounces bacon rashers, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice or 1 or 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 medium onion, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked macaroni.

Remove rind from bacon, cut rashers into 2in. pieces and line bottom and sides of greased oven-proof dish. Mix tomato juice or sauce, milk, finely chopped onion and garlic, and Worcestershire sauce. Pour into dish in alternate layers with cooked macaroni. Top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

This dish may be prepared in individual scallop shells or

ramekins. Line dishes with bacon, mix macaroni with savory sauce, and fill into dishes. Top with cheese, bake 15 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Curran, 38 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

SEASONED STEAK

One and a half pounds thinly sliced flank or skirt steak, 4 tablespoons margarine or good fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup water or stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced turnip, 5 or 6 tiny onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas, 2 tablespoons flour blended with 3 tablespoons water.

Cut steak into 3in. squares, spread with the following mixture. Melt 2 tablespoons of the shortening in heavy pan, add breadcrumbs and chopped onion. Fry lightly until golden brown. Season with salt and pepper, add parsley. Roll up pieces of steak, secure with cocktail sticks or coarse thread. Melt remaining shortening in pan, add meat rolls, brown on all sides. Place in casserole, add water. Parboil turnips and onions 10 minutes, add to casserole. Cover, cook in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Add peas, stir in blended

flour, cook further 10 minutes. Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Gordon, 3 Koowarta Terrace, Largs North, S.A.

APRICOT MERINGUE PUDDING

Half cup uncooked washed rice, 1 pint milk, 1 dessert-spoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin preserved apricots (well drained), extra 2 tablespoons sugar, cherries to decorate.

Place rice, milk, and lemon rind in top half of double saucepan, cook over gently boiling water 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add egg-yolk, sugar, salt, and apricot syrup, cook further 15 minutes. Pour into greased oven-proof dish. Arrange layer of apricots on top, reserving two or three for decoration. Beat egg-white to meringue consistency with extra sugar, pipe roughly on to apricots. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Decorate with apricots and cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. White, "The Parsonage," Polaris St., Temora, N.S.W.

Our Mothercraft Bureau

THE Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau provides a free advisory service for expectant mothers.

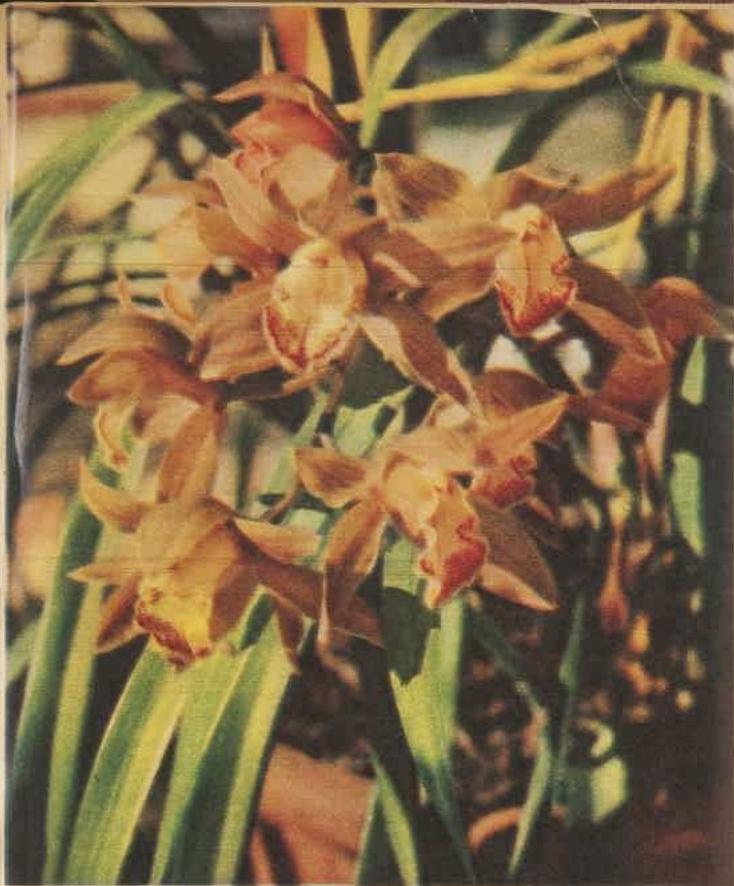
The bureau arranges useful, practical demonstrations on cot-making and bathing a baby, and gives expert advice on how to breast feed successfully. Expectant mothers are also taught special pre-natal exercises on the control and relaxation of the abdominal muscles.

Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, is in attendance each day at the bureau's office, 6th floor, 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, between the hours of 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.



CUT A CORK to fit a candlestick with a deep holder and spear the candle in position with a fine nail driven through the cork. Less candle will be wasted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1953



ORCHIDS have become very popular with home gardeners in Australia, who often pay high prices for valuable orchid bulbs. The gardener who spends his summer holidays away from home should make arrangements for the care of his plants during his absence.

Gardener's holiday

Summer holidays are the greatest enemy of summer gardens. This does not mean you should forgo your annual rest at the seaside or mountains, but you should safeguard your garden before you leave it.

If you leave your garden freshly cultivated, free of weeds, and well watered in dry weather, it should survive a fortnight's neglect and be in moderately good condition when you return, provided there are no heat waves and continuous scorching hot winds.

Let me urge those who have nice, tidy, well-laid-out, and expensive gardens to plan well ahead and to set and keep in mind a definite date for completing the jobs that have to be done before the holiday begins.

If it seems unlikely that the tasks will be completed, get some outside help before you go away.

The expense incurred will be more than justified when you return and find the garden still under control, with pot-plants, shrubs, flowers, and vegetables in good condition and not hopelessly smothered with weeds or dead.

Obviously, pot-plants which are grown in a confined area will dry out in a few hours on a very hot day.

Many orchids will live through weeks of dry weather without much attention, but the valuable types possibly

might reach the danger stage if they dried out too much.

Standing the pots in boxes or fruit cases filled with moist tanbark, sawdust, or even well-washed, rather fine cinders is an old dodge of the experienced gardener during very hot weather.

All types of substitutes, such as the bark of bush trees, well broken up and soaked for several days before being placed round pots, will serve as well as tanbark.

Rotted compost which consists of decayed vegetable matter will also hold moisture for several weeks under normal summer conditions.

Plants such as annuals, biennials, perennials, and

GARDENING

small shrubs that have been recently planted will need a good watering after light cultivation of the surface soil.

They should also be given a deep mulch of moist compost, leaf mould, sawdust, peat moss, decayed strawy horse manure, mushroom compost, or any similar material.

Hanging baskets, wall baskets, and similar containers should be taken down and boxed up in the manner recommended for pot-plants.

Usually it is possible to get the assistance of a responsible person who will water the

garden well once a week and give pot-plants some moisture, preferably in the evening.

Free help is very acceptable to most people, but there seem to be few who will give it readily if it involves a lot of work.

In such circumstances I have no qualms in offering to pay neighbors or jobbing gardeners to do the necessary work.

Sometimes fruits and vegetables ripen and are ready for picking while you are away on holidays. These could be given in part payment for the work done by your deputy.

In all circumstances you should insist on making some return for work done in your garden while you are away.

The vegetable garden will be found in better order at the end of the holiday if the ground is well cultivated before you go away and a mulch of old manure about 2in. deep is put down on both sides of the rows.

The last job to be done before leaving on holidays is to give a precautionary spraying or dusting of fungicide and insecticide to all valued plants.

This is as necessary as any other job previously mentioned. But don't water after you've sprayed or dusted or your precautions will all be in vain.—R. G. Edwards.

For summer — right out of the box!

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shop in and live in all summer long. For a fashion thrill

and the sweetest experience your feet have ever

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RAWHIDE
DAFFODIL
SAND
LONDON TAN

GENUINE GOODYEAR WELTS

available with the cushion sole



Set for Summer!

Raspberry Cream

1 raspberry jelly crystal or tablet, 1/2 tin unsweetened evaporated milk.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water to make up to 1/2 pint—if necessary stand in basin of hot water to dissolve completely. Cool. Add evaporated milk. Place in a mould or serving bowl.

A Quick Trick Dessert



So easy, so good, so tempting, all desserts made from jelly crystals or tablets are delicious summer foods...

JELLIES

Taste Better—Go Further!

★ Your grocer stocks many flavours and many colours of many brands—All are good!

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The Bristolite design combines beauty and common sense. Charming on the shelf—easy-as-winking to clean. Colours? Cream with cherry, blue or green lids, or the one-shade "Pastelene" in primrose, blue and green.

FREE NAME TAGS

You can obtain Sago, Barley or Cereal nametags without cost by writing to Master Moulders Pty. Ltd., 62 Carrington Road, Box Hill, Victoria. Mention this advertisement.

BL 33

Continuing . . . The Prescription is Love

from page 53

shopping dodge! She evidently has selected you to assist in my rejuvenation. She says I've been too busy to really live, and I'm beginning to believe her."

She glanced at him rather soberly. "Doctors never belong entirely to themselves, do they? There are so many people who need you, your skill and your brain and your courage."

Her voice was soft but vibrant. "Don't ever stop your work. You're so valuable."

He looked disconcerted. "That's overwhelming, since all I've done for you is give you a slight concussion and nine stitches in your head. But couldn't you call me Andy after saying such wonderful things?" He lifted her hand and tucked it warmly in his as he drove.

They had left town and were driving down a pine-bordered road. The late sun was a conflagration behind the pencil-slim trees.

Susan tilted back her head to gaze at him. The white patch of gauze was almost hidden by her blowing hair. "All right, Andy."

"You're the most delightful patient I ever had," he exclaimed. "I wouldn't be surprised if I weren't falling in love."

She drew in a sharp breath. "Oh, no! That couldn't be." She strove for lightness. "You just feel a certain responsibility towards me on account of the accident."

"That's true. We're linked forever because some of my blood flows in your veins. So if you tried to run away, Susan, I'd always find you."

"Don't say that." She reluctantly kept her face turned away from him. "You give me a queer feeling."

They rounded a curve and approached a small stream. He did not speak until they were crossing the bridge. Then he asked quietly, "You don't remember this?"

She stiffened. "You mean this—is where it happened?" She looked wildly around and her face grew paler and paler.

Then she shrank back and covered her face with her hands, and Andrew was conscious of a hollowness within him and his arms ached terribly that he put one around her. Then he drove carefully off the bridge.

"I've upset you," he said, distressed. "I thought I'd try a little psychology of my own. You may have a block which is preventing you from remembering some past unhappiness."

Still holding her gently, he drew her hands away from her face: "Are you crying, darling?" "Yes," she whispered, her eyes closed, "because you called me darling, and didn't know it."

"I knew it," he whispered back, his voice husky. The wind stirred the heavy shadows of the trees. They seemed lost, isolated in a little cave of silence. "But I'm guessing at best."

She pressed her face into his shoulder. She was trembling. "What are you guessing?"

"That it's all come back. You've remembered everything, haven't you? That's why you were trying to leave."

"Yes . . . yes!" Her voice was muffled. "I must go away and never see you any more."

He lifted her face. "Why won't you let me help you, Susan?" he said urgently.

"Oh, I couldn't . . . I couldn't!" Her cold, shaking hands pushed him away.

The hollowness was deep and black inside of him. An icy wind touched his heart. He let her go away from him.

"I'm going to take you to my mother," he said, his lips tight. He abruptly turned the switch, started the motor. "She will understand, I promise you."

"But your patient," she

stammered, "the one you came out here to see?"

"There wasn't any," he said briefly.

No other word was spoken as they drove rapidly into town and to the rambling, old-fashioned house on the tree-shaded street. The girl's arm was trembling as Andrew guided her up the walk and into the house.

Twilight drifted in the hall and a tall, old clock ticked busily in the silence. Then a door opened on a wave of voices. Mrs. Ellison's asking excited questions and another, deeper voice, answering, "But, Mum, Uncle Dewey phoned me steadily for two days. I had to say 'Yes.'"

And a very big, young man came striding out into the hall. The light shone on his wheat-colored hair, which stood up in a crest, as if he'd been rumpling it.

He stopped dead at the sight of them and his face darkened with shock and anger. Then

"That was why I ran away," she said breathlessly, "because I'm not Adrian. Don't you see I'm really Susan? You tried to change me from the first, Val, and it just wouldn't work any longer."

A high color rushed over his face. "Well, we needn't discuss it in public. What I want to know is why you're here, of all places? Will someone—"

"If you'll shut up a minute," Andrew said, "perhaps we can find out."

And Susan said painfully, "Val's so hard to withstand . . . I had to get away, and somewhere he'd never think of looking . . . so I went home with a girl-friend. She lives at Highgate Farm."

"Just beyond the bridge," murmured Andrew.

"I went riding alone that night and no one knew I had gone. They thought I was sleeping late the next morning and hadn't missed me. When I came to myself I phoned them from the hospital not to worry."

She clasped her hands. "I haven't meant to deceive any of you." Her eyes; piteous and distressed, sought Andrew's, and he made a tremendous effort to bring his thoughts under control.

This girl was Val's fiancée. She was Adrian . . . But no, she was Susan as well, in riding breeches and green sweater with his bandage on her forehead with his blood . . . She was his Susan. He said haltingly, "I'm sure we all understand how it could have happened, Susan."

"No! She can't get out of it so easily," snorted Val. "What about the way she treated me?"

"She did you a favor, it seems to me," his mother put in vigorously. "Didn't you just burst in here tickled pink, with the news that Uncle Dewey has asked you to go on a world cruise with him?"

"So that's what the old codger wanted," murmured Andrew.

"Yes, Val's to go along and take care of Uncle Dewey—the old skinflint," she added as a matter of habit.

"A sort of personal physician, without portfolio. And he says Val can finish at the university at his expense when they return. But you couldn't go at all if you were married, could you, Val?"

"I suppose not," Val said lamely. He ran his fingers nervously through his blond crest. "Adrian, from your note I thought we—we were all washed up, so I told Uncle Dewey I could go."

"We both made a mistake, Val. Let's admit it. It wasn't real."

"I know," Mrs. Ellison said irrelevantly. "The French call it a straw blaze. It's a quick, devouring flame which burns itself out and leaves nothing."

"Not even embers, Val?" Susan suddenly smiled at him with an odd sort of tenderness.

"And I'm glad about the trip. It's the very thing for you. It will cure your restlessness. You'll come back and get your degree and be the kind of doctor your father dreamed of your being."

"Will someone tell me what this is all about?" Val demanded savagely. "Are you still running away, Adrian, and making fools of people?"

"Val, you sound like a record that's stuck." Mrs. Ellison came into the hall and plunged briskly into the conversation.

"Stop saying the same thing over and over. This child was hurt in an accident and has been in our hospital. Are you married to her, Val?"

"No. I tell you she ran away. Left me a note saying she had to think it over."

He turned sharply. "Adrian, it was a rotten trick. I'm beginning to believe you don't really love me."

(Copyright)

BOY DRIVER



4-year-old Sonny Gilham's miniature car has lights, tool kit, handbrake, petrol tank—all this and reflectors, too. His father, who built the car, says: "Driving uses up a lot of Sonny's energy. So, we give him plenty of Vegemite. Keeps him alert and healthy. Another happy Vegemite!"

Vegemite provides a rich supply of Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin. You need these Vitamins every day for healthy nerves, firm bodies, good digestion. Vegemite is so rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Put Vegemite next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table. Vegemite—made by Kraft.

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IN ALL STATES EXCEPT N.S.W.
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Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY 4 Weeks Treatment 3-6 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

Knit this toy lamb

This knitted lamb stands 11in. high, needs very little wool, and is easy to make.

Materials: 2 skeins F. W. Hughe's "Twinprufe" 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); a small quantity of pink and black wool; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; cotton-wool or kapok; ribbon.

Tension: 5 sts. 1in., 8 rows 1in., measured over garter-stitch.

Note: The wools are used double throughout.

OUTER BODY

With black wool cast on 8 sts. for left back leg and work 6 rows in st-st, beg. with k row. Change to white wool and g-st. * Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row, then work 11 rows without shaping. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row, then work 3 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., work twice into this st. K 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows once, then work 7 rows without shaping. Leave these sts. on a spare needle **.

With black wool cast on 8 sts. for left front leg. Work 6 rows in st-st, beg. with k row. Change to white and g-st. *** Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row, then work 11 rows without shaping. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row, then work 14 rows without shaping ***.

Next Row: K to end, cast on 12, then with wrong side of first part facing you, k across 12 sts. on spare needle [36 sts.]. Now work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., work twice into this st., rep. these 2 rows once.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Work twice into 1st st., k to last st., work twice into this st. Rep. last 2 rows once.

5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: Work twice into 1st st., k to last st., work twice into this st. Rep. last 2 rows once.

7th Row: Knit.

8th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k to



SOFT PINK lines the ears of this winsome-looking lamb whose features are embroidered in black wool. The toy is brushed with a wire brush for the fluffy effect.

end. Work 4 rows without shaping.

16th Row: As 10th. Work 2 rows without shaping.

19th Row: As 11th.

20th Row: Knit.

21st Row: As 11th.

22nd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog., now cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then cast off 21 sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Work 5 rows without shaping. Cast off.

With black wool cast on 8 sts. for right back leg, and work 6 rows in st-st, beg. with k row. Change to white and g-st. and k 1 row. Work as given for left front leg from ** to **.

With black wool cast on 8 sts. for right front leg and work 6 rows in st-st, beg. with k row. Change to white and g-st. and k 1 row, then work as given for left front leg from *** to ***.

With white wool cast on 15 sts., and work 7 rows in g-st. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows. Cast off. Work another piece as given for left back leg from *** to ***.

With white wool cast on 15 sts., then with right side of first part facing you, k across 12 sts. on spare needle (36 sts.). Complete this side to match first.

UNDER BODY

With black wool cast on 8 sts. for right back leg and work

as given for left back leg of outer body. Leave these 12 sts. on spare needle. With black wool cast on 8 sts. for right front leg and work as given for left front leg of outer body until first 33 rows have been worked.

Next Row: K to end, cast on 12 sts., then with wrong side of first part facing you, k across 12 sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., work twice into this st. Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off.

Work inner part of the 2 left legs as given for right legs of outer body until the 2 sets of sts. are joined on to one needle. K 1 row, then complete to match first side of under body.

HEAD

With white wool cast on 15 sts., work 8in. g-st., cast off.

MUZZLE

With white wool cast on 15 sts., and work 7 rows in g-st. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows. Cast off. Work another piece in the same way.

EARS (Both alike)

With white wool cast on 10 sts., and work 3 rows in g-st., then inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row. Rep. these 4 rows again, then work 5 rows without shaping. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows. Cast off.

TAIL

With white wool cast on 7 sts., and work in g-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 4th row until there are 17 sts., then work 2in. without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 3 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join back seam of outer body sections from top of back legs to cast-off edge at neck, then join front seam as far as top of front legs. Join inner and outer parts of each leg together, then join under body to outer body along each side. Stuff body and legs firmly, then join cast-off edges of two halves of under body together. Fold head-piece in halves, cast-on and cast-off edges together, and join sides. Gather up lower edge, stuff head, and stitch to neck. Join the two halves of muzzle, leaving cast-on edges open, stuff and sew to front of head. Join ears to ear linings, leaving cast-on edges open, gather opening and stitch to top of head with lining in front. Fold tail in halves lengthwise and join sides and cast-off edges, stuff and sew cast-on edge to body. Embroider nose, mouth, and eyes on face with black wool, and then make white stitches on each foot to indicate hoofs. Tie rabbit round neck. Brush all over lamb with wire brush.

A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly
a year, now up
and about again
with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years."

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Mentholoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again."

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Mentholoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Mentholoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L.

7/-
AND
4/-
EVERWHERE

Get quick relief
from
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to
British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for
your FREE copy of the
Mentholoids Diet Chart.

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

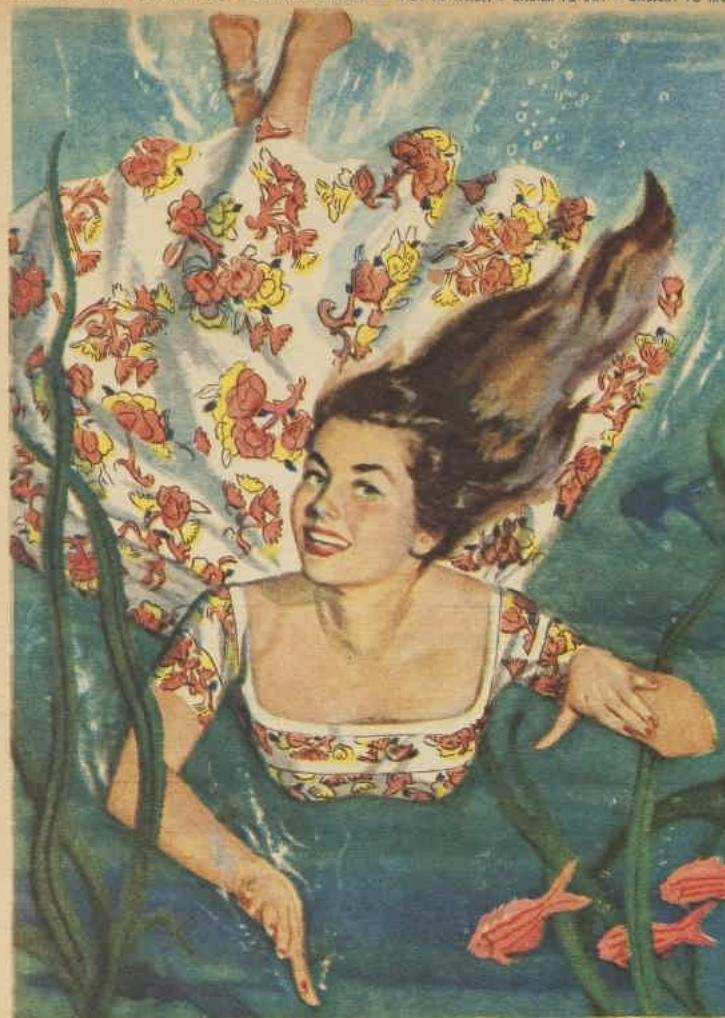
In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids—famous treatment for the blood

CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT PADE • CANNOT STRETCH • EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON



Swim in your frock of ANTI-SHRINK

by *Grafton* It won't shrink by
the width of a thread!

So easy to wash, you can rinse this miracle fabric overnight with your stockings! It dries in a jiffy, only needs a butterfly touch with the iron! Sold by-the-yard and in ready-made frocks

Anti-Shrink
by
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At all leading stores
throughout Australia



Also in frocks by ADELIN, COMMANDER and ROSE CROFT.
Lingerie by MABRO. Little girl frocks by MABRO, too. Blouses by ROTILLA.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on
holiday in the Caribbean.
When a man in a locked, win-
dowless room is shot, Mandrake
is called in to help. Two

gamblers try to force Mandrake's car off the road before he has time to investigate the locked room. Lothar overpowers them, and Mandrake finds the trick gun hidden in a moose head. The gun fires when a light switch is turned on. NOW READ ON:

MANDRAKE PURSUDES THE GAMBLERS TO A SMALL AIRFIELD—



NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE!

Munch them with
cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
Or serve them with
jam.

